The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1886.

The Week.

THE charge so frequently preferred against Secretary Bayard of slothfulness and indifference in his treatment of the fishery question is shown, by the published correspondence, to be false and calumnious. Both Mr. Bayard and Minister Phelps have been industrious and intelligent, and both have been wholly concerned with American interests, and not, as has been gratuitously alleged by the fishermen and their lawyers, biassed in favor of British or Canadian interests. They have gone about their task with careful deliberation. No other method of dealing with the subject would be of any service to the fishermen. If they have had the notion, so jauntily set out by Senator Frye, that "Great Britain is under bonds to us to keep the peace"—a sentiment fit only for the stump or the prize-ring—and if they have built upon it the expectation that the greatest naval power on the globe would permit herself to be bullied by the smallest, on account of these unrecorded bonds, it was not to be expected that a responsible cabinet minister would proceed upon that hypothesis. The fishery question has given us more diplomatic trouble from the beginning of the Government to the present time than any other question that can be named. It has never ceased to give us trouble except when settled by treaty, and not always even then. To assume that a controversy of such lineage and history, when it breaks out in a new spot, is to be settled in a summary manner, and in just the way we should like to have it, is a most unreasonable and childish suggestion.

President Cleveland's proposal for a new treaty to take the place of the fishery clauses in the Washington Treaty having been rejected by the Senate, there was nothing to do on our side but to protest against the seizures of American fishing vessels in Canadian ports, taking each case upon its merits, and to insist upon their speedy trial or settlement and to make claim for damages. All this has been done and something more. Secretary Bayard protested against the employment of a naval force on the scene of the controversy while the dispute was pending. It was a part of his duty as an American to make such protest, but he could hardly expect that the execution of British law would be suspended in British waters merely because there was a dispute over the construction of the law. We would not suspend the execution of our own law in our own waters under like circumstances. It is the duty of the representatives of each Government to "claim everything," as the Blaine men did after the last election, and then to take what the facts and the law give them. This is what Mr. Bayard and Minister Phelps have done, so far as the business has proceeded. The want of any common tribunal to determine what the facts and the law are, in an authoritative manner, causes the negotiation to drag, but there is some compensation for this. The longer the case remains open, the plainer it becomes that this controversy is a tariff controversy altogether, and that it could be terminated by adding to any bill relating to that subject a single line making fish products duty free, as they have been during the past thirty years, with only the brief intervals from 1865 to 1873, and from 1884 to 1886. There is an evident purpose on the part of the high-tariff junta to repeal or greatly reduce the duties on sugar, on the ground that they are a tax on the food of the poorer classes. The duty on fish is equally exposed to this criticism. Why not tack upon the repeal or reduction of the sugar duties, when it comes about, a repeal of the fish duties, and thus put an end to this everlasting bore, the fishery question?

The truth in regard to the Inter-State Commerce Bill at Washington appears to be that the essential feature of the Cullom bill has been preserved in the compromise measure. This feature is the creation of a Railroad Commission having authority to relax or change the ordinary requirements of the law in special cases and according to circumstances, but not to modify that part of it which prohibits discrimination between individuals. This is the only kind of bill that ought to pass, or that could be executed if passed. As there seems to be a determination to pass something, the compromise bill is probably the least harmful measure that can be looked for. A Railroad Commission having authority over commerce between the States may do much good, but it would be idle to expect that any commission could reduce freight rates as rapidly and systematically as the law of competition has done during all these years that the Inter-State Commerce Bill has been on the carpet. Under the law of competition railroad men have been put to it to find ways to lower their charges and yet make both ends meet. They are under no such stress when acting under arbitrary regulations prescribed by public authority. In the one case self-reliance is their only guide and monitor. In the other it is always possible to find fault with the public authority and cast the blame of failure to make ends meet upon somebody else, which is by far easier. The Railroad Commission, if we are to have one, ought not to weaken the principle of self-reliance, but to cultivate it in every possible way, restricting their interference to very plain cases of injustice, and to such cases as are the result of intended discrimination, and not merely discrimination which results from geography, topography, or other natural causes. The law itself ought to be drawn upon these lines.

There are two cases pending before the Treasury Department that serve to illustrate the shameless greed which the tariff creates and nurses among the protected classes. One is the petition of the owners of iron mines that the duty on imported iron ore shall be assessed on the moisture absorbed by the ore from the ocean vapors while in transit, as well as upon the ore itself. To listen to the groaning of the mine owners one would think that they were at the last gasp, and would be obliged to close up all the mines if the duty of 75 cents per ton were assessed upon dry ore instead of wet ore. The fact is that these inveterate bounty beggars get more *profit* out of their ore, after paying all expenses, than the duty comes to, that is, more than 75 cents per ton, and in some localities a great deal more. The duty is not needed to compensate them for higher wages or higher anything. It is sheer bounty and plunder. The other case is an apparent reopening of the Donskoi or carpet-wool question, which was supposed to have been settled once and for all by Acting Secretary Fairchild last winter, after an investigation by a special commission of experts and a protracted hearing of lawyers pro and con on the report itself. This decision of the Secretary, if we are correctly informed, has been overruled by the General Appraiser of the New York Custom-house, and a million dollars' worth of Donskói wool tied up in consequence, necessitating a fresh appeal to the Department in Washington. If these are the facts—we state them under reserve—only one appeal should be necessary to settle all such cases hereafter, so far as this General Appraiser is concerned. He should be allowed to exercise his fine discrimination elsewhere. All these things are going on at a time when everybody says that the Treasury surplus ought to be reduced.

The removal from office of Mr. Coombs of Maryland, one of the four General Appraisers of Merchandise on the Atlantic Coast, and the appointment of a political henchman in his place, strikes us as very nearly the worst offence chargeable against President Cleveland's Administration. It acquires this character by reason of the peculiar duties of the Board of General Appraisers, who are an appellate court of the customs service, their decision upon the questions brought before them being final. Experience is the first requisite for such duties, after probity of character. Both these qualifications Mr. Coombs possessed in a high degree. He had gained the confidence of the mercantile community in this city, where more than two-thirds of the importing business of the country is done, and where accordingly the larger share of his time and talent and acquired knowledge was brought in requisition. The Board, as we understand, were in session on important cases when Mr. Coombs received an intimation that his resignation was desired, and learned at the same time that his successor had been designated. He telegraphed to Washington to inquire whether he should finish the business immediately before him, and, receiving no reply, resigned at once. The reason why he got no reply is probably that if he remained to finish up the business in hand, the Senate would convene in the meantime, so that under the Tenure of Office Law his successor could not draw pay

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until he was confirmed, but if a vacancy actually existed before the meeting of the Senate, the new appointee would receive the emoluments until the Senate should take definite action on the nomination. This looks like a trick, and it serves to give character to the whole transaction, which, as we have said, has a very bad look otherwise, when we consider the kind of duties Mr. Coombs had to perform. The Board of General Appraisers ought not to be subject to political huckstering any more than the army, the navy, or the judiciary.

A description of "the wrongs of the laborer which are capable of being remedied by legislation," has been furnished us by Mrs. J. S. Lowell, in the shape of extracts from constitutions and platforms of various labor organizations. But Mrs. Lowell has apparently overlooked that it does not follow, because laborers "demand" a thing, that it is capable of being supplied by legislation. This was our reason for asking for a rough draft of the bill by which the laborers' demands were to be met, in order that we might see how the law would work. For instance, we should like to know how the decisions of arbitrators between employers and employed are to be enforced, and what subjects this arbitration is to cover. Supposing the arbitrators were to decide, in a dispute about wages, that the rate offered by the employer was sufficient, would the men be coerced into remaining in his employment? If a man left it or failed to appear at the factory, would he have to go to jail? Or if the employer thought he could not make any profits at the rate fixed by the arbitrators, would he be compelled to continue his business under it? If he closed his factory, would he have to pay a heavy fine or go to the penitentiary? We might multiply these illustrations indefinitely. There is hardly one of the demands of the laborer, except those for the protection of minors and the inspection of factories and the establishment of bureaus of statistics, which does not involve an interference with individual freedom utterly foreign to our manners, and difficult to enforce without a complete recasting of our institutions. And, finally, supposing every one of these demands complied with—supposing every law asked for were on the statute book—would the "labor problem" be solved? Should we have heard the last of it in sermons, and books, and lectures? Would the professorial Socialists, and the oral laborers, and the sociological quacks be one whit nearer to a cessation of their toil than they are now? Every human being who is not born to a fortune has a labor problem of his own to solve, and the time will probably never come when a very large number of men will not keep trying to make somebody else solve it for them. The greatest need of our age seems to be the buckling down of each man to his own labor problem. Every man should try to help his neighbor to bear his burdens, but no neighbor should try to unload on him.

A few weeks ago, when the Knights of Labor held their convention in Richmond, Va., and a great excitement was caused by a colored delegate's attending a theatre and occupying a reserved seat in the best part of the house, Republican papers at the North were profoundly shocked at the discovery that a prejudice against sitting beside a negro in a theatre existed at the South. This week two performances are to be given in one of the principal theatres of Brooklyn for the benefit of the Employment Bureau of the Grand Army of the Republic, and a meeting of the committee in charge was held on Saturday evening. A member of William Lloyd Garrison Post, which is entirely composed of colored veterans, raised the question whether people of his race were to be admitted to the proposed performances. Reply was made that, while the proprietor of the theatre said that personally he had no prejudice in the matter, and would make no objection to allowing negroes equal privileges in all parts of the house, such objections had been made in the past to their occupying seats in the better parts of the house that, in deference to a public sentiment which he regretted, he had been forced to make a rule that they should be admitted only to the gallery. Prominent citizens of Brooklyn, like District-Attorney Wilber and Gen. Horatio C. King, who belonged to the Committee, admitted that the theatre proprietor was correct as to public sentiment. The latter said it was greatly to be regretted that public sentiment had forced such a rule on a theatre manager, but "should he ignore that sentiment he might as well shut up his theatre, since it was the people who created it, and not those who owned the theatre." This, it must be remembered, is the situation not only in a Northern city, but in the Northern city which has been called the City of Churches.

The sale of a large slice of the German Government's stock of silver to Egypt has dashed the hopes of the bimetallists who have been "banking" on this silver ever since the Paris Conference of 1881. At that conference the German delegates read a paper stating that, although their Government could not change its own monetary system, it would be disposed to lend its aid to international bimetallism by agreeing to abstain for a certain number of years from all sales of silver, and during another period to sell only a limited quantity, so that the experiment need not be embarrassed by the action of Germany. The stock on hand, which was equivalent to about $77,000,000, has never been disturbed from that day until the recent sale to the Egyptian Government, which came to light in Berlin on the first of the present month, through an official statement from the Financial Secretary. The significance of the announcement is that the German Government is no longer open to the entreaties of the bimetallists. If there were any purpose to join in the experiment of bimetallism, of course all the silver on hand would be kept, instead of being sold at a loss of 25 per cent. as compared with first cost. The sale to Egypt is therefore the forerunner of a closing-out sale which puts Germany finally and beyond all peradventure on the single gold standard. It is worth remarking, also, that the unused silver of Germany goes to a semi-civilized country. It goes from a rich country to a poor one, and from a place where it is not wanted to a place where it is wanted—a movement which to the bimetallist mind is incomprehensible, but which the man in the moon could grasp without much explanation.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* supplies some information, from the pen of Mr. John D. Jamieson, relative to the Russian petroleum trade and the proposed pipe line from Baku to Batum, of considerable interest to the trade in this country. Mr. Jamieson says that the projectors of the pipe line, which is to be 600 miles long, and is to cross the Caucasus range at an elevation of 3,200 feet, are in the London money market for £2,000,000 sterling, having already failed to get it in France, Belgium, and Germany. They offer as security a "concession" from the Russian Government, and say that the line, when completed, will be capable of conveying 160,000,000 gallons of oil per year. The chance of their getting that amount to carry is extremely problematical, but, if they get 90 per cent. of it, the Russian Government may, by the terms of the concession, require them to lay down a second line within two years. The concession is to run for twenty years, but there is no stipulation as to the disposition of the property at the end of that time. Mr. Jamieson thinks that when the charter expires, "the matter will be treated in that fair and liberal spirit which characterizes Russian dealings." The picture which Mr. Jamieson draws of the trade is extremely gloomy. He says that "the Baku petroleum industry has for the last few years been laboring under extraordinary pecuniary difficulties; that prices for Russian crude and its products have fallen to so low a figure that sales, except at a loss, are difficult to make; that over forty of the Baku refineries were recently closed, and many others partially—so that, in fact, the Baku petroleum industry is in the throes of a crisis, verging on insolvency." The singular fact is added, that the few miles of local pipe lines at Baku had to be protected night and day, by armed escorts, from the depredations of the lawless people, Tartars, etc., who inhabit the Baku district. If the pipe-line prospects are as bad as Mr. Jamieson represents them, the subscription of £2,000,000 will probably be taken up with rapidity in London, where Emma mines, and Wabash railways, and Honduras loans are so popular.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the French economist, has lately been discussing the incidence of taxation in his journal, the *Économiste Français*, and has thus been led to discuss also the ability of the different classes of the community to bear taxation. This brings him, of course, at once into collision with that pet saying of the Georgeite school of social philosophy, and, in fact, of the whole army of social quacks, that "the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer every day." The falsehood of this has been exposed by figures over and over again, but "the parrots," of which M. Leroy-Beaulieu says "the human race is in large part composed," keep on repeating it just the same, and tens of thousands believe it, for no better reason than that they have

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heard it a great many times. A familiar social phenomenon which ought to make even the most unreflecting and most ignorant doubt the truth of the saying, is that great fact of modern trade that, to make money by the sale of any article of comfort or convenience, you must seek your market among the multitude. All the trades which rely on popular support are far more money-making than those which appeal to the rich. Whether it be dress, or food, or furniture, or pictures, or books, or tools, or transportation you deal in, the rule of modern business is, that if you want to make a fortune rapidly you must address yourself to the people—you must go to the millions, and not to the millionaires, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu very neatly puts it. Now, this means that the purchasing power which used to be lodged in the hands of a few well-to-do people in each community has, in our day, been distributed among the masses, or, in other words, the wealth of the community is more widely distributed than it ever was before. This great change has often been proved or illustrated before, but never, we think, exactly in this way.

Herr Soetbeer, the German statistician, has still further illustrated it by the aid of the Prussian system of taxation. The Prussians, as everybody knows, have an income tax which they levy on incomes divided into classes. They have, however, since 1885, exempted all incomes below $225. Soetbeer has taken the Government returns, and, after making large allowance for fraud and concealment, has divided Prussian incomes into six classes, and worked out the proportion which each class contributes to the sum total. His lowest class has less than $85 a year, his highest more than $17,000, in round numbers. The total of their incomes is $2,190,000,000; of this over 51 per cent. actually belongs to the small people whose income lies between $225 and $412. The incomes below $225, and those between $225 and $412, contain 70 per cent. of the whole, and the three lowest classes, whose revenue stops short of what is ordinarily called wealth, possess over 85 per cent. of the whole. This analysis is more readily made in Prussia than elsewhere, owing to her system of taxation and the thorough manner in which her civil service does its work. But there can hardly be a doubt that it would show much the same results either in England or in France, and would in this country probably make a still better showing for "the little people," as French financiers call them. In truth, the wealth of every tolerably civilized nation in our day is, paradoxical as it sounds, in the hands of the poor. The rich play in the distribution the part assigned to the grains of sand on the surface of the orange, by which teachers of geography illustrate the insignificance of the inequalities which mountains create on the surface of the earth.

The *Tribune* has a despatch from London giving the substance of a letter of vindication written by Sir James Stephen to Mr. Froude on the Carlyle matter. Sir James is Mr. Froude's co-executor, and was a great friend and admirer of Carlyle. He confirms Mr. Froude's story that he had given Mrs. Alexander Carlyle £1,600 derived from the sale of the books, which he was not obliged to give her, and maintains that Carlyle, the testator, never did decide, owing to age and infirmity, what "he wished to be done about his papers," but threw the whole responsibility on Mr. Froude. Then comes this curious defence of the use Mr. Froude has made of his discretion:

"It is to me wholly incredible that anything but severe regard for truth, learned to a great extent from his teaching, could ever have led you to embody in your portrait of him the delineation of faults and weaknesses which were mixed with his great qualities. He did not use you well. He threw upon you that responsibility of decision which he ought to have taken upon himself. He considered himself bound to expiate wrongs which he had done his wife. Had he done this himself it would have been a courageous thing. But he did not do it himself; he did not even decide for himself that it should be done after his death. If any courage was shown by you in order to present the world with a true picture of him as he really was, you, well knowing what you were about, stepped into a pillory in which you were charged with treachery, violation of confidence, and every imaginable base motive, when you were, in fact, guilty of no other fault than that of practising Carlyle's great doctrine that men ought to tell the truth."

We believe this is the first time that it has been held by a judicial moralist of high standing that all truth must be told, or that nobody has a right to keep back any truth. To the ordinary mind it would seem as if Carlyle's "feebleness and indecision, natural enough in extreme old age," of which Sir James speaks, and which must have been very evident to Mr. Froude, would have imposed on him the duty of doing for Carlyle what Carlyle, in the full vigor of his powers, would have been expected by rational persons to do for himself—that is, refrain from making public any odious or ridiculous weaknesses of character or conduct. Mr. Froude was no more bound to tell the whole truth about Carlyle's private life than Carlyle was to tell it himself. If Carlyle had, when in possession of all his faculties, published an account of his relations with his wife, in which he played a contemptible rôle, people would have exclaimed, not, "What a truthful person this is!" but, "What a disgusting fool this is!" There is something, too, very ludicrous in the account Sir James Stephen gives of Mr. Froude's docility. Judging from the effect which Carlyle's teachings about truthfulness have had on the pupil—who, it must be remembered, was over forty when he became intimate with his master—the conceptions of the former about this great virtue must have been in an awfully rudimentary condition when the tuition began.

After a week of labor a new French Cabinet has been born. Its name is Goblet—an insignificant name. The versatile chief of the overthrown Ministry, M. de Freycinet, who, besides the Presidency, held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, could not be persuaded to accept the same portfolio under the new Administration. Other politicians—or say, statesmen—of repute equally refused it, and M. Goblet, though entirely without experience in the field of foreign politics, had to take it provisionally himself until M. Flourens was persuaded to relieve him. It is clear that here lay the difficulty in the formation of a new Cabinet, and it was probably the perplexity of the outgoing one in its foreign relations that caused it to accept its stumbling over the trifling sub-prefect question with the same cheerful readiness to fall with which the Gladstone Cabinet, in 1885, accepted its defeat in a vote on spirit duties—Mr. Gladstone himself declaring that he did not envy the victors. In England, however, the victors were the leaders of the party in opposition; in France, there is no change of party rule, and, as to the foreign policy, which is just now of all-absorbing interest, M. Goblet expresses his determination to continue the line of his predecessor. And Gen. Boulanger, who was, under the cautious Freycinet, a somewhat turbulent Minister of War politically, and now retains his position under M. Goblet, "has announced that he will hold himself entirely aloof from politics, and will devote his attention to military affairs exclusively." This, too, is significant.

The explanation of the situation is obvious. A week or two ago Russia seemed to have been driven by her own strange performances in Bulgaria and their exasperating issue to the dangerous point of war with Austria-Hungary, of which Germany could not long remain an idle spectator. The heart of France throbbed with wild excitement at this chance of seeing her German foe distracted in the east while she could assail him from the west. But Russia could not plunge into the contest without France. Even a positive assurance of coöperation on her part, in case Germany should enter the lists in defence of her Austro-Hungarian ally, would not suffice. For what to the Czar is the positive assurance of a French Cabinet, or even of the President of the French Republic? The Cabinet may be forced to make room for men of different sentiment and policy by an accidental majority of a couple of votes against some petty measure proposed by it in the Chamber; and the President of the Republic is not likely long to remain in his office, for he is seventy-three years of age. Besides, few French statesmen—and least of all that peace-loving septuagenarian, Grévy—are sufficiently blinded by the desire of revenge for Sedan to forget how perilous a new enterprise against Germany would be while Bismarck virtually rules all central Europe, and has, besides Austria-Hungary, Italy and England on his side. For France has, by her foolish aggression in Tunis and not much wiser attitude on the Egyptian question, herself driven those two kingdoms—other reasons coöperating—into combinations hostile to her. Her own animosity has, in fact, become divided. She begins to hate "perfidious Albion" almost as much as the land whither her armies were carried captives sixteen years ago. In this state of affairs and public sentiment, the French statesmen have not the warlike courage to court an offensive alliance with Russia, nor have they the moral courage to repudiate before the nation and Europe the intention of accepting overtures offered by that empire. Hence hesitancy, wavering, the disinclination to carry the burden of foreign affairs, the continuance of an indefinite peace policy, and Gen. Boulanger's resolution, on reassuming the duties of the War Office, to keep aloof from politics.

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SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

[WEDNESDAY, December 8, to TUESDAY, December 14, 1886, inclusive.]

DOMESTIC.

THE President on Wednesday transmitted to Congress the correspondence which has taken place in regard to the Canadian fisheries disputes, and a letter from the Secretary of State on the same subject. It states that the United States will demand damages for the action of the Canadian authorities in seizing American fishing vessels, and recommends the appointment of a commission to take proofs.

The fact was announced on Wednesday that Mr. W. L. Trenholm, Comptroller of the Currency, had asked for the resignation of Mr. A. M. Scriba, the National Bank Examiner for New York city, who was appointed to his present place in 1883, upon the death of Mr. Meigs, and who for nearly twelve years previously had filled the position of Assistant Bank Examiner. His appointment as Bank Examiner was recommended by all the leading banks of New York, and was in the nature of a promotion on the principles of civil-service reform. In the letter requesting his resignation, which was written on November 29, Comptroller Trenholm found no fault with Mr. Scriba, but said that he wished so responsible a position to be filled by a man with whom he was personally acquainted. The office is in no sense a political one, and Mr. Scriba has always been so disconnected from politics that persons well acquainted with him are ignorant of his political affiliations. He has not resigned, but has sent a letter to the Comptroller of the Currency, giving a brief sketch of his services in the Department of Bank Examination, and holding that, under reformed civil-service principles, his resignation should not be called for. It is understood that the person selected as Mr. Scriba's successor is V. P. Snyder, now the Deputy Comptroller of the Currency. The matter was taken up by the principal banks and business houses of the city, whose representatives largely signed a petition to Comptroller Trenholm asking that Mr. Scriba be retained in his present position.

In answer to the petitions in behalf of Mr. Scriba, Mr. Trenholm, Comptroller of the Currency, has written a letter in which he says: "I should fail in justice to myself if I should omit to point out that, while I am in a position to judge somewhat of the manner in which a Bank Examiner discharges so much of his duties as come under the immediate observation of the officers and directors of the bank, such officers and directors are not in a position to judge correctly how the Bank Examiner discharges that part of his duty which comes under the observation of the Comptroller of the Currency alone; for I cannot suppose that any of the signers of the communication now before me have ever seen a single report made by Mr. Scriba to this office. If he has made a practice of exhibiting such reports, which I do not for a moment suspect, he has been guilty of a breach of duty which would alone require his immediate dismissal; but as I feel bound to assume he has not exhibited his reports to any one, then I submit with great respect that the gentlemen who have signed this paper have not had an opportunity to judge as to whether or not I ought to be satisfied with the manner in which those reports are made, while I could not retain my self-respect, nor would I be worthy the confidence due to whoever occupies this office, if I should be deterred from making a change in any examinership by reason of the number or the eminence of adverse petitioners who, as in this case, have not had an opportunity of forming opinions based upon knowledge. If there is any case in which the relation between a responsible officer and his subordinate should be exempt from the interference, not to say the dictation, of other persons, whosoever they may be, it is undoubtedly the case of the Comptroller of the Currency and a person employed by him to examine the national banks. If the precedent should be established that an Examiner holds his office by tenure of popularity or the favor of bank officers, or a public sentiment averse to official changes, there would be, in my judgment, a fatal blow struck at the efficiency of the whole system of examination, and there would be introduced a principle that would cripple and eventually destroy its value both to the public and to the banks."

The Secretary of the Treasury on Tuesday transmitted to the Senate a report prepared by Mr. Miller, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in regard to the operations of the Oleomargarine Law. Since November 1 the taxes provided for have been assessed on 34 manufacturers of oleomargarine, on 204 wholesale dealers, and 2,415 retail dealers. The number of pounds of oleomargarine assessed at two cents per pound was 4,430,174. The principal collections were in the First Illinois District, where 2,613,700 pounds were taxed.

At a private conference of the Democratic members of the Committee on Ways and Means, relative to the action which the party ought to take upon the tariff, it has been decided that the Morrison bill shall be pushed at the earliest opportunity with all the energy which the leaders of the majority can command.

The Republican Congressmen are divided in their counsels as to the policy to be pursued with respect to the tariff. The latest to declare himself is Judge Kelley, who has just returned from a trip through the South. He is opposed to the abolition of the duty on sugar, which has been favored by Senator Sherman, and it is understood will be favored by Senator Dawes and Representatives Reed and Hiscock of the Ways and Means Committee. The ground of Mr. Kelley's objection is substantially this, that the agricultural interests of the country were never in graver danger of "prostration" than now, and never so needed the "stimulating influence" of the protective system. The production of Indian wheat, and the opening to commerce of the wheat and cotton-growing district of southern Russia, have done much "to endanger our agricultural interests," and have cheapened wheat to a point where we are annually supplying greater quantities and receiving in payment much less money. Moreover, the production of sugar is not a tropical industry. To repeal the duty on it would not only strike down the Louisiana cane-sugar industry, but would injure the grower of sorghum and beet sugar.

The tariff debate was opened in the Senate on Thursday by Senator Morrill, who made aggressive war on those who seek to modify the existing tariff. Senator Dawes followed in a similar strain on Monday.

Mr. Morrison (Dem., Ill.) gave notice in the House on Tuesday afternoon that on Saturday next he should move that the House go into Committee of the Whole to consider revenue bills.

In the doubt which prevails as to the successful passage of any measure looking to tariff reduction, Mr. Hewitt has busied himself with providing a safety-valve for the overflowing Treasury. The bill which he has introduced provides that the Secretary of the Treasury may anticipate so much of the interest of the funded debt of the United States as may be in excess of 3 per cent. per annum. If all the holders of the 4 and 4½ per cents should avail themselves of this opportunity, about $75,000,000 to $80,000,000 of the surplus would be used in thus anticipating the interest of the public debt. The Government would, of course, lose nothing by the transaction. In fact, it would get the benefit of compound interest upon the quarterly payments of interest at 3 per cent. per annum. This is all that the money can possibly be worth to the Treasury. Bondholders will be left with a bond bearing 3 per cent., but the cash payments will be a full equivalent for any premium which the bond would bear in the market. The new 3 per cent. bond would undoubtedly rule somewhat above par, but the bill provides that it shall be received by the Comptroller of the Currency as security for national-bank notes at par, instead of being limited to 90 per cent., as the law now provides.

The Senate Finance Committee has come to a compromise on the Trade Dollar Bill which will not be satisfactory to the silver men. The Committee reports back the bill with an amendment that the amount of trade dollars to be redeemed shall not exceed $500,000 monthly, and that this sum shall be deducted from the regular monthly purchase of bullion. It is not probable that the House will accept such an amendment.

The conferees on the Inter-State Commerce Bill finished their labors on Thursday. As to the enforcement of the act, the commission feature of the Senate bill is accepted by the House conferees, while the Senate conferees accept the system proposed in the Reagan bill, under which a shipper is entitled to sue for damages in United States Courts in his own behalf. This gives shippers the option of making complaint to the Commission or instituting suits in Federal courts. Railroads are prohibited from charging more for a short than for a longer distance upon their own lines in the same direction, the shorter being included within the longer distance, and the circumstances and conditions being the same; but the Commission is authorized upon application of a railroad, and after investigation of the facts, to relieve the roads from the operation of the general rule in special cases. The Senate conferees agree to the absolute prohibition of pooling contained in the House bill. These were the main features of the difference. On the question of publicity of rates, the provisions of the two bills have been merged so as to require each railroad to make public the rates between points upon its own road as proposed in the House bill, and in addition the Commission is required to secure publicity of through-rates in so far as it may be found necessary.

Senator McPherson (Dem., N. J.) introduced on Monday a bill to authorize the reduction of United States bonds and the circulation of national banks. The bill provides that all national banks having a capital of $150,000 or less shall not be required to keep on deposit United States bonds in excess of one-eighth of their capital stock as security for their circulating notes; and that all such banks having a capital of $150,000 or more shall not be required to keep on deposit as security for their circulating notes United States bonds in excess of $25,000; and banks having on deposit bonds in excess of these amounts are authorized to reduce their circulation, provided that the amount of such circulating notes shall not exceed in any case 100 per centum of the par value of the bonds deposited, as provided in the bill.

Representative Grout of Vermont has introduced his bill to provide that the 50,000 fourth-class postmasters of the country shall be elected by the people, and he intends to press it so long as he remains in Congress.

The House Committee on Indian Affairs on Thursday completed the Indian Appropriation Bill. In its present shape the bill provides for a total appropriation of $5,178,000, which is a reduction of $350,000 as compared with the appropriation for the current year, and $430,000 below the estimates submitted by the Interior Department. The principal reductions were $50,000 in the estimates for Indian schools (the effect of which is to curtail only the fund available for new school buildings), $150,000 in the appropriation for the support and civilization of the Sioux, and $25,000 in the appropriation for the maintenance and civilization of the Navajoes.

The House on Thursday passed the bill extending the free post-office delivery system.

Congressman Dowdney, representing the Twelfth New York District, died suddenly in

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this city on Friday. He was forty-six years of age and was elected to the Forty-ninth Congress as a Democrat.

The Federation of Trades Unions at Columbus, O., on Thursday refused to adopt a resolution of sympathy with the Chicago Anarchists.

The directors of the Theological Seminary in Columbia, S. C., passed a resolution on Thursday dismissing Dr. Woodrow, the evolutionist.

The council room of the University of the City of New York was filled on Monday night with ladies and gentlemen, who had met "in commemoration of the fulfilment of fifty years of continuous service in the University, in its Council, by President Charles Butler." The Rev. Dr. John Hall, Chancellor of the University, presided, and among those present were the Rev. Dr. H. M. McCracken, Vice-Chancellor; William Allen Butler, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, John E. Parsons, J. W. C. Leveridge, William A. Wheelock, and President Hitchcock of the Union Theological Seminary. An address on behalf of the Council was presented to Mr. Butler by Mr. Parsons.

The Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, pastor of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church in this city, has been summoned to Rome to explain certain utterances of his made during the Mayoralty campaign in this city. Dr. Mc Glynn upheld the doctrine of Henry George that property in land is robbery.

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, who was lecturing in this country, received a summons from the King of Belgium on Saturday to return to Europe—it is supposed, to go again to the Congo Free State, where it is reported the Stanley Falls settlement has been abandoned because attacked by Arab bandits. He will sail immediately.

The will of E. Price Greenleaf of Boston bequeaths nearly all his estate to Harvard College. It is to be known as the Greenleaf Fund. Three thousand dollars each year are to be divided into shares of $300 each, to be paid to undergraduates who may be unable to pay the expenses of their education. The remainder of his estate is to be equally divided, all the income from one-half of it to be used for the maintenance and support of the library of the College, the preservation and repair of books therein, and the purchase of books therefor. The remainder of the fund shall be appropriated in such manner as the President and fellows shall deem expedient to reduce the general expenses necessarily incurred by undergraduates of the College in pursuing the studies required to obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts, who are not of themselves or with the aid of their parents of sufficient pecuniary ability to pay for the same. In the event that the President and fellows of the College fail to comply with the conditions of the bequest, the money will be given to the Home for Aged Men and the Children's Hospital in equal parts. The estate is expected to amount to $500,000.

Mr. Joseph W. Harper, United States Consul at Munich, died there on Wednesday at the age of sixty. Mr. Harper was the eldest son of the late Fletcher Harper of this city. He was a resident of the city of Munich when he was appointed to the position of United States Consul by President Arthur. He was a straightforward business man, and socially was very popular.

Isaac Lea, LL.D., the American naturalist, who earned wide fame for his extensive scientific researches, died on Wednesday at his residence in Philadelphia, in the ninety-fifth year of his age. Dr. Lea was a member of the Zoological Society of London, the Linnæan Society of Bordeaux, the Imperial Society of Natural History of Moscow, and at the time of his dea h he was an honorary member of nearly all the scientific, philosophic, and historical societies of the world. He was President of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia from 1853 to 1858.

FOREIGN.

M. Floquet, President of the French Chamber of Deputies, who undertook to form a Ministry, advised President Grévy on Wednesday to summon M. Goblet to the task. M. Goblet, under pressure from the President, finally consented to make the attempt. On Saturday his completed Cabinet was announced as follows: M. Goblet, President of the Council, Minister of the Interior; M. Flourens, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Dauphin, Minister of Finance; M. Berthelot, Minister of Public Instruction; M. Sarrien, Minister of Justice; Gen. Boulanger, Minister of War; Admiral Aube, Minister of Marine and the Colonies; M. Granet, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs; M. Lockroy, Minister of Commerce; M. Millaud, Minister of Public Works; M. Deville, Minister of Agriculture. In announcing the composition of the new Government to the Chamber of Deputies, the Premier read a declaration that he relied upon concord among the Republicans in the Chamber to enable him to continue in the work of Government. He said he would follow M. de Freycinet's foreign policy, which the Chamber had approved, and promised early next session bills for such internal reforms as the Chamber desired. He asked the Deputies to vote his Government a provisional budget, and to adjourn discussion till Tuesday. René Goblet, the new Premier, is fifty-eight years of age. He has held the offices of Under Secretary of Justice (1879), Minister of the Interior (1882), and Minister of Public Instruction, Fine Arts, and Public Worship (1885-'86) He was a protégé of Gambetta, and is at present on friendly terms with Clémenceau.

The German press adversely criticises the new French Cabinet. The papers consider that the rapid fall of M. de Freycinet, and the refusal of Baron de Courcel to join the new Ministry, afford evidence that no French Government which advocates peace has a chance of permanence.

The French Chamber of Deputies on Tuesday, by a vote of 508 to 12, passed the Provisional Budget for two months.

A document written by the Count of Paris has been made public in Paris. He denounces alliances between the Right and the Extreme Left for the simple purpose of hampering the Government. He says: "The monarchy is the Government in reserve. The Conservatives ought not to put themselves out of court by refusing to accept the republic as the working machine until the way is prepared, not by violent means, for the monarchy." He urges them to adopt a programme in favor of the reduction of new public posts and treasury burdens; the maintenance of the five years' military service; the appointment of a non-political general to command the army; the stopping of religious persecution, and the reinstatement of magistrates who will loyally support the Republicans.

The Conservative and National Liberal members of the German Reichstag Committee on the Septennate Bill, at a meeting on Thursday, advocated unconditional acceptance of the bill. The Clericals and German Liberals, objecting to a permanent increase, asked that the Foreign Office explain the foreign relations of the Empire. Herr Windthorst demanded an exact statement regarding the Austro-German alliance. Gen. von Schellendorf replied that diplomatic revelations would be inopportune It is believed that the bill is certain to pass the Reichstag.

The St. Petersburg *Official Messenger* says: "The recall of the Russian agents was not intended to sever the ties uniting Bulgaria and Russia; it only signified that Russia refused to recognize the legality of the condition of affairs under which an insignificant minority seized supreme power, and imagined it was entitled to guide Bulgarian destinies and make the people its tool. The Russian Government will not accept any arrangement which, under cover of legality, will merely perpetuate the present abnormal conditions in Bulgaria. Russia is satisfied with the attitude of the Porte. She regards Turkey as working seriously for a pacific solution of the Bulgarian problem in conformity with existing treaties, and as being, therefore, entitled to the support of the Powers."

England has decided to reduce the Egyptian standing army to 10,000 men, and the army of occupation to 5,000, thus largely reducing the cost of armament to the Egyptian Government.

Lord Salisbury delivered an address at the City Conservative Club in London on Wednesday evening. He said it was a remarkable phenomenon that men of the greatest power and influence had separated themselves from the Liberal party, and that their leader had thrown aside party claims for a principle. No party commanded an absolute majority in Parliament, but the Conservatives and Unionists were working together, and, although still retaining their individuality and independence on all subjects except one, both sides were avoiding points of difference. Nothing could exceed the straightforwardness displayed by Lord Hartington and his followers in rendering their coöperation easy.

The Glasgow *Mail* says it is authorized to state that Mr. Gladstone does not approve the anti rent campaign inaugurated by the National League in Ireland. The announcement was based on a private letter.

The hearing of Mr. John Dillon, charged with agitating in favor of the Irish plan of campaign, was concluded on Tuesday. The Judge declared that the "plan of campaign" was absolutely illegal. He ordered Mr. Dillon to give a personal bond in the sum of £1,000, with two sureties for £1,000 each, for good behavior in the future, within twelve days, or go to prison for six months.

The British Cabinet met on Friday and will not come together again until after Christmas. The order of business in the coming session of Parliament was revised, and the programme will probably be as follows: The session will open with the introduction of a coercion bill, including special provisions for the suppression of boycotting. It was decided that local-government measures affecting England and Scotland shall have precedence over legislation on the same subject for Ireland. The result of this will be that no Irish business, except such as relates to coercion and to the bill extending the scope of the Ashbourne Land Act, will be transacted. The Hartington section will give thorough support to the coercion measure. It is also said that the Cabinet resolved to modify Mr. Ritchie's draft of a bill making local bodies entirely elective, so as to allow them to have also a number of ex-officio members, with powers to dispose of land allotments. Scotland is to be treated in a similar manner. Ireland will not be dealt with at present. The new rules of Parliamentary procedure empower the Government to give notice of closure and call a division thereon, instead of awaiting the Speaker's initiative. It is stated that Lord Hartington approves the proposals.

The Duke of Manchester announces a permanent reduction of 25 per cent. in rents on all his estates in Ireland.

Signor Marco Minghetti, the Italian statesman, is dead at the age of sixty-eight. He was an intimate friend of Cavour, and Minister of the Interior under him. He aided with all his power in founding the kingdom of Italy, and was Prime Minister from 1873 to 1876.

Jens Nikolai Madvig, the Danish philologist and statesman, is dead, at the age of eighty-two. From 1848 to 1852 he was Minister of Public Worship and Education, and after 1854 he took an active part in Danish politics. He published many critical editions of Latin authors, but his celebrity rests chiefly upon his 'Latin Grammar' (1841), a standard work,

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THE ELECTORAL COUNT BILL.

It is difficult to realize that it has required a discussion of eighty-six years' duration to secure the passage, by both houses of Congress, of a simple law regulating the official counting by those houses of the Presidential vote. Yet such is the fact The need of such a law was felt early in the history of the Government, and the first electoral-count bill was introduced by Senator Ross of Pennsylvania in the year 1800. It provided for a committee of six Senators, six Representatives, and the Chief Justice, who should decide all disputed returns. It will be seen that this was the germ of the Electoral Commission of 1876. The bill passed the Senate, but was so amended by the House that the Senate refused to concur, and it failed between the two. A second attempt was made by Mr. Van Buren in the Senate in 1824. His bill provided that if a return were objected to, it should be counted unless the two houses, voting separately, concurred in rejecting it. The bill passed the Senate, but it was not acted upon by the House.

In 1875 Senator Morton introduced a bill which provided that, if objection were made to any return, it should be counted unless it was rejected by the concurrent vote of both houses, and that, in case of double returns, that one should be counted which the two houses acting separately should declare to be the true one. In case of failure of the two houses to agree, the vote of the State would be lost. This bill passed the Senate by a party vote, the Democrats voting in the negative. A motion to reconsider was entered, but never finally disposed of. When the controversy of 1876 began over the Hayes and Tilden votes, the Democrats discovered all too late that, if they had passed the Morton bill, nothing could have prevented their seating Tilden under its provisions. It will be remembered that, in the election of 1876, 184 electoral votes had without question been cast for Tilden, or just one less than a majority of the Electoral College. Of the remaining 185 votes at least 20 were disputed. In three Southern States, Florida, South Carolina, and Louisiana, the Legislatures had directed the popular vote to be counted by returning boards, with plenary powers to cast out the entire vote of any county or parish in which fraud or force had vitiated the election. By exercising this power, the returning boards of Florida and Louisiana had converted an apparent Democratic popular majority into an apparent Republican majority, and given certificates to Republican electors. Double returns were sent to Congress by Democratic and Republican electors from these two States and from South Carolina and Oregon. Under the Morton bill, the votes of nearly all these States would have been lost, for the two houses would have inevitably failed to agree about their acceptance and Tilden would have been seated. Under the twenty-second joint rule, which had prevailed in other counts, he would have been seated also, for under that the Democrats could have thrown out all the doubtful States and thus given their candidates a majority, but the Republican Senate had repealed that rule on January 20 of that year. Under these circumstances the Electoral Commission was created, whose decisions could only be reversed by the concurrent vote of both houses. Its Republican majority decided invariably in favor of Republican electors, and as the House voted to reject its decisions and the Senate voted to accept them, they all stood, and Mr. Hayes was seated.

The Electoral Commission was a makeshift which nobody desired to see become a permanent method for deciding upon disputed returns. In 1878 Senator Edmunds introduced a bill which provided that each State might establish tribunals for the trial of electoral contests, and that their decision should be final; that, if there should be any dispute as to the lawfulness of the State tribunal, or if there should be double returns from a State which had not provided such a tribunal, only those returns should be counted which the two houses, acting separately, should concur in receiving, and that any single return should be counted unless rejected by both. This bill passed the Senate, but was not acted upon by the House. Several attempts have since been made with similar results. The bill which the House has now passed was introduced by Mr. Edmunds in the Senate at the last session, and was passed then by that body.

While the House has made some amendments, the general scope of the bill is the same as it was originally, and there is, therefore, every reason to think that the changes will receive the approval of the Senate. In brief, it provides that in those States where a tribunal has been established for the determination of electoral contests, and such tribunal has decided what electors were duly appointed, the determination of the tribunal shall be conclusive; that when there is but one return from a State, the vote so returned shall be counted; that when there are two or more returns, and the question arises which of two or more State tribunals or authorities is the lawful one, that return shall be counted which the two houses, acting concurrently, shall accept; that when there is one State government and two sets of returns purporting to be the vote of the State, that return shall be counted which is supported by the certificate of the Executive of the State, unless both houses, acting separately, shall concur in deciding that it is not the lawful vote of the State. The purport of the measure is thus summed up by the committee which reported it:

> "The two houses are, by the Constitution, authorized to make the count of the electoral votes. They can only count legal votes, and in doing so must determine from the best evidence to be had what are legal votes; and if they cannot agree upon which are legal votes, then the State which has failed to bring itself under the plain provisions of the bill, and failed to provide for the determination of all questions by her own authorities, will lose her vote. Congress having provided by this bill that the State tribunals may determine what votes are legal coming from that State, and that the two houses shall be bound by this determination, it will be that State's own fault if the matter is left in doubt. The power to determine rests with the two houses, and there is no other constitutional tribunal. Congress prescribes the details of the trial, and what kind of evidence shall be received, and how the final judgment shall be rendered."

This is so clear and simple, and so obviously not only constitutional but in the interest of peaceable and orderly government, that the wonder is we have been so long in reaching it as a solution. It puts an end for ever to electoral disputes and to the great peril to which they subjected our institutions.

THE BANCROFT TREATIES AGAIN.

The President tells us that there has been "much correspondence" with Germany "in relation to the privilege of sojourn of our naturalized citizens of German origin revisiting the land of their birth." This statement is immediately followed by the assurance that our relations with that country have lost nothing of "their accustomed cordiality."

As things stand, this utterance is unexpectedly calm and good-tempered. The correspondence of which the President speaks has turned on the significance of the "two-years clause" in the naturalization treaties of 1868. The clause in question provides that if a naturalized citizen returns to the country of his original allegiance and remains there two years, he shall be deemed to have renounced his naturalization. The dispute as to its interpretation began in 1878, when the Prussian Government expelled a naturalized American of German birth, named Bäumer, a few months after his return to Germany. From that time the controversy seems to have slumbered until 1885, when new expulsions aroused fresh debate. During the past two years the dispute has been incessant. Our State Department has uniformly insisted that the clause in question impliedly guarantees an unmolested residence of two years; the German Foreign Office has uniformly denied our interpretation, and the German Governments have continued to expel naturalized Americans whenever they saw fit. But until recently these expulsions have been the exceptions, and undisturbed residence during the two years the rule. Now all this is changed. The Prussian Ministry has recently instructed the local authorities that naturalized Americans who return within the military age —*i. e.*, before the completion of the thirty-first year—are to be permitted to remain in Germany for "weeks or months" only, or are not to be permitted to remain at all, according to the circumstances of each case. The Saxon Minister of the Interior has issued a similar ordinance, and it is probable that the other German States will follow Prussia's lead.

This is Germany's answer to the American agitation of the last two years. We have protested against exceptional expulsions, basing our protests not on grounds of comity, but on claim of right, and the German Governments decree that expulsion shall be the rule. A more emphatic rebuff could hardly be given to our diplomacy; and it seems at first glance surprising that our diplomacy, speaking through its constitutional chief, the President, should take the rebuff so calmly.

The tone of the President's utterances probably indicates that his advisers have at last convinced themselves that the ground of controversy was ill-chosen. It was ill-chosen. The two-years clause will not bear the construction which our State Department has tried to make it bear. The treaties make certain results dependent upon a two-years' residence, but they

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do not guarantee a two-years' residence. They do not give our naturalized citizens any right to live in Germany without the consent of the German Governments. That is a right which native Americans do not possess, and it was the intention of the treaties that our naturalized citizens should be regarded and treated in all respects like native Americans. It was intended that Germans naturalized in America should be regarded by Germany as aliens. But the right to expel aliens is a right of every sovereign government. Comity demands that the expulsion shall not be made without cause, and that the cause shall be made known to the State whose citizen is expelled. The causes are known to us. Germany puts its case substantially as follows:

"The German Empire is situated in the midst of an armed Europe. Three of the greatest military Powers of the Continent edge on its territory. One of these Powers is smarting under the fresh memory of a great defeat, and is preparing with tireless energy and inflexible purpose for a war of revenge. A second Power is ruled by a friendly dynasty, but its people is far from friendly. To maintain its existence, the German Empire must arm itself to the teeth. It must demand from every German that he sacrifice several of the best years of his life in training himself for war, and that he sacrifice life itself, if need be, when war comes. Germany does not demand that aliens shall enter its army, but it does demand that no one who is really a German—who was born on German soil of German parents, and who wishes to live in Germany—shall be exempted from this universal duty. The German people itself resents such an exemption of any German as a wrong to itself, as a violation of the democratic principle of equality. And when, as often happens, the Germans who return with American naturalization papers make a boast of their exemption, call it 'liberty,' and commiserate or revile those who are doing their duty to the State, as 'serfs' or 'tools of tyranny,' they become intolerable.

"The Bancroft treaties were intended to protect bona-fide Americans of German birth, but not to protect sham Americans. Those Germans who go to America simply to avoid military service at home, and who come home as soon as they have obtained American naturalization papers; who take their five years in America instead of their three years in the German army, but who have no intention of living and dying in that country; who, on the contrary, mean to die in Germany if they can do so without the risk of having to die *for* Germany — those Germans, though they be legally American citizens, are no Americans."

Twenty-two or twenty-three years ago these arguments would have appealed to the American mind more strongly than they do now. During our civil war the United States Government was obliged to resort to conscription. The draft acts made liable to conscription those resident aliens who had declared their intention of becoming American citizens. They were not technically citizens, of course, but (our legislators argued) they were really members of our body social; they had abjured all allegiance to every foreign prince and potentate, and had become "inchoate citizens" of the United States. They could not in honor refuse to aid their adopted country in its peril. To the great disgust of the authors of the act and of the American people, very many of these aliens refused to honor this over-draft upon their loyalty, and appealed for protection to the very potentates whose allegiance they had forsworn. The protection they demanded was legally due them, and it was granted; but it struck all Americans as an eminently just and proper retaliation when the Government gave these "inchoate citizens," who had resisted conscription, sixty-five days in which to leave the country.

Whether the present Administration does or does not recognize the force of Germany's arguments, it probably realizes that it will be useless to press the conflict—unless it is prepared to sacrifice the Bancroft treaties. There is, in fact, no possible answer to the last act of the Prussian Government except a notice that we desire to withdraw from the compact of 1868. Do we desire this? That depends upon the probability of our getting a better treaty from the German Empire in 1887 than we got from the North German Confederation in 1868. The treaty we have is a good one. It gives full recognition to bona-fide American naturalizations. It carries the effect of naturalization back to the moment of emigration, so that no naturalized American citizen of German birth can be punished for illegal emigration. If sentence has been rendered against him in his absence for illegal emigration, or for failure to perform military service, the sentence is quashed as soon as he produces his American naturalization papers. If a fine has been levied by seizure and sale of his property, the money collected is returned to him.

The clamor of certain German-Americans who appear to want the earth, and refuse to be satisfied with any section of it, has been taken for much more than it is worth. These are the same persons whose "ignorant and overweening assumption of rights," as Bayard Taylor wrote to the State Department, has caused most of the friction in the working of the treaties. Over against their opinions may be set those of two distinguished German publicists—Kapp and Von Martitz—who ten years ago demanded that the German Governments should terminate the naturalization treaties at the earliest possible moment, because in them Germany had yielded every point and the United States nothing.

Are we likely to get anything better if we let the present treaties go? No one who knows what a favorable conjunction of circumstances was required to secure the North-German treaty, will advise risking it. In 1868 Bismarck had just won his first great fight, and Prussia was flushed with triumph and full of confidence and generosity. The United States was represented at Berlin by a famous historian who had always believed in Prussia and predicted her greatness; whose faith had not waned even during the dark days of her humiliation at Olmütz twenty years before; whose words of encouragement, written at that time to his friend Bunsen, had become known all over Germany, and had earned him the grateful affection of all Prussians. Prussia was in a "giving humor," and Bancroft was of all Americans the man to urge and carry our claims.

THE PRACTICAL SILVER MAN.

Our esteemed contemporary the *Financial Chronicle* is afflicted with a kind of color-blindness in its view of the silver question, which is more to be regretted since its vision is in general very clear. In some remarks that it makes on Secretary Manning's report, it begins by saying that the bimetallist view must be the view of "every practical man," and that "only a rigid doctrinaire can advocate gold monometallism—one who, in pursuing his theories, loses sight of the conditions to which they are to be applied." It would appear from this that there are a lot of doctrinaires, agitators, theorists, and impracticable people who are stirring up the world to adopt an exclusively gold currency, and that this is the reason why bimetallism has been discarded in Europe, and why the bimetallists have such hard work in getting their eminently practical views carried into effect. We were under the impression that the agitators were all on the other side. There is no such thing as a monometallist society or organization in the world. There are, however, plenty of bimetallic leagues. There is one in this country, another in England, another in Germany, and if there is not one in France, still, the chief agitator of all, Mr. Henri Cernuschi, is more diligent than any organization, for he, in the main, keeps the rest of them going. These societies or leagues make all the racket on the subject that any one hears. If there were any corresponding collection of theorists on the other side, they could be pointed out, but there is none such. Those who are called monometallists are a few persons in each country, for the most part unknown to each other, who now and then take some notice of the stream of talk which Mr. Cernuschi and his affiliated societies are for ever pouring out. It is quite clear, then, that, whether the one or the other is best entitled to be called doctrinaires, the bimetallists are the only agitators. They are the only ones who are in a constant stew and splutter. To be called a doctrinaire is of no moment anyway. If the phrase signifies a man who has a doctrine or an opinion, it is equally applicable to both. If it signifies one who is seeking diligently and methodically to get his doctrine embodied in legislation, then the bimetallists are the fittest to wear the title.

But there is a class of monometallists, not doctrinaires in any sense, whose joint and concurrent action for ever thwarts and confounds the other side and brings all their plans and their Paris conferences to naught. They are the business world. It will hardly answer to say that they are not practical men, because practice is the only thing that they fully understand. If the business world were called upon to give a reason why they prefer gold instead of silver, or why they prefer one metal instead of two, they would not in general be able to give any reason, they would perhaps not fully understand the question, yet they would go on acting at all times as though gold was the right thing for them. Even those who are bimetallists in theory are monometallists in

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practice. They all like gold in the market-place. In their capacity as traders they want the yellow metal just as much as anybody else does. Now, this is a question peculiarly, and indeed solely, of the market-place, and not of the lecture-room. It is the province of the lecture-room to observe what goes on in the market-place, and to interpret the observed movements, but the lecturer is as powerless to restrain the preferences of traders for one metal over another as he would be to regulate their preferences for one cereal over another.

When the doctrinaires of bimetallism are asked to explain why the world has got away from them, they say that it is because the German Government demonetized silver in 1871; that this forced the hand of France, and dragged the Scandinavian countries captives, and toppled all Europe over like a row of bricks. Every reason, except the true one, is ascribed to Germany for doing what she did. The true one was, that the silent but irresistible preference of the business world for the gold standard, which had been growing with the growth of commerce not in Germany merely, but in all the market-places of Europe, and nowhere more mightily than in France, got itself translated into law. To suppose that the German monetary change came about without a commercial cause, is as unphilosophical as to suppose that great revolutions, social or economical, are due to the whim and caprice of a few individuals. German unity did necessitate uniformity of coinage, but that was a mechanical affair altogether, like the cutting of a garment to the shape of the wearer. German unity did not necessitate a change of standard. If silver had been as good for business as gold, it would have been quite as good for Bismarck. The imperial policy had nothing to gain by one metal more than by the other. In fact, Bismarck's personal preferences have always been for bimetallism. But although he may control Germany in a political sense as he chooses, and may exercise a preponderant influence in Europe, he could not restore bimetallism anywhere, even if he were foolish enough to make the attempt. He would fail because he could not change the instinct of the commercial community, which chooses gold for the standard of value, and would continue to do so even if the law were changed.

The *Chronicle* says in conclusion that "prices, values, and wages have all become adjusted to the double standard—conditions none of which can be ignored by any wise statesman changing the world's currency." It is, perhaps, thinking of the conditions prevailing *before* the German demonetization of silver. That event took place fifteen years ago. Prices, values, and wages have since that time become adjusted to the single gold standard. If anybody has been injured by the change, which we do not admit, the injury has been done. Why make a fresh disturbance? But really, since no statesman, wise or unwise, is able to change the world's currency, it does not matter what conditions are ignored by them.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.

THE Boston correspondent of the *Christian Union* recently expressed what he declared to be the feeling of the Boston pastors, that there is growing difficulty, owing to the shortening of the church year to eight or nine months, in bringing the statistical showing of their churches up to the figures expected of them. What appears to be meant is the fact that the statisticians of the Church have, as it were, set the pace for the ministry. The percentage of gain in the churches must be kept up, is the understanding. In some way or other the authorities and organs of the Church must be given the means, at the end of the year, of once more showing that the churches are growing faster than the population. Other examples might be given of this feverish anxiety on the part of directors of various forms of religious enterprises, to secure results which will make a fair show in the year's exhibit. Undoubtedly they assure themselves that all they are looking for is the accomplishment of the greatest amount of good possible, yet it is a fact that this commendable desire often takes the form of an undeniable pressure brought to bear upon those actually doing work under them.

Thus, we have known of the officers of a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society sending word to the teacher of a mission school that she must take measures to report a larger number of pupils under her care, that the supporters of the society were demanding larger results, etc. Indeed, so far has the Church caught the spirit of the age, so far has it become a business enterprise, that the chief test of ministerial success is now the ability to "build up" a church. Executive, managerial qualities are now more in demand than those which used to be considered the highest in a clergyman. Recent ministerial changes were based, confessedly, almost solely on business grounds. The denominational newspapers have a sure instinct in these matters of clerical reputation; and the way they confer greatness for success which is capable of a mathematical demonstration, is enough to substantiate what we have said.

Now, this tendency in the churches is a peculiarly modern one. One reason why the religious statistics of seventy-five years ago are so uncertain is, that no definite attempts were then made to collect them. It may be said that substantially the same thing is true of many other classes of statistics, and that the Church has simply moved with the times in aiming everywhere at exactness instead of estimates. This may be so, and yet the change referred to signifies a great deal more for the Church than for any other institution, inasmuch as its ancient attitude towards statistics was not alone one of indifference, but of hostility. Was not one of David's worst sins that of numbering Israel? Was he not provoked thereto by Satan, or (following the account in Kings instead of Chronicles, as the stiff Calvinists prefer to do) by Jehovah in order to his just punishment? In short, the prevalent idea used to be that the Church appeared in greatest dignity when represented as comprising only a select and favored few. The more that were outside it, the greater the privileges of those within. There was formerly little of the anxiety to be a competing and predominant element in society which is now so common.

The modern attempts to produce a religious balance-sheet which will show more saved than lost, have little in common with the spirit of a century ago; then the glory of the Church was thought to appear chiefly in the assumption that the opposite was true. We do not know a more striking proof of theological change, in truth, than the fact that the professor who is probably the most thorough-going Calvinist in any seminary in this country, now tells his students that no theodicy is possible, except on the supposition that a majority of the race is to be saved. A bare majority will do; even a very large minority would not be enough to save the divine benevolence. What would Calvin have said to this intrusion of the democratic idea of determining things by a count of heads into the government of a sovereign? Very important internal changes are implied, we repeat, in the changed attitude of the Church towards the religious census.

It is easy to see that the element of personal and corporate eagerness referred to as present in the statistical showings of churches must operate to make them much less trustworthy than almost any other class. It is as if the personal desires of protectionists and free-traders could affect the Government's official returns of exports and imports. In economical disputes the figures can be made to lie by an unfair use of them, it is true, even though they are themselves truthful. Church statistics, however, need to be sifted before they can be used. The lists of membership given in denominational year-books are notoriously inflated, as are also the returns of church benevolences. The resulting untrustworthiness is due in large part to the quiet pressure put upon churches and ministers alike, for the reasons and in the directions indicated.

DEMOCRACY IN SWITZERLAND.—II.

LONDON, November 25, 1886.

THE political problem of the age is how to form conservative democracies, or, in other words, how to give to constitutions resting on the will of the people the stability and permanence which has hitherto been found only in monarchical or aristocratic states. The problem takes different shapes in different lands. In one country the difficulty is how to form an executive which shall be at once powerful and permanent and yet amenable to the wishes of the citizens; in another, the question presents itself how best to secure the possibility of readily amending the law, and, at the same time, of making sure that laws while unrepealed shall be respected and shall represent the deliberate will of the nation; in a third, statesmen are puzzled by the perception that government by party is degenerating into government by factions, and that assemblies which may form admirable instruments for eliciting or guiding the opinion of electors, may, at the same time, be quite incompetent for the purpose either of scientific legislation or of effective administration. The instability of the executive, the weakness of the law, the inherent defects or aggravated vices of party government are, it will be admitted, the diseases, so to speak, to which modern democracies are liable. In every country where the people is becoming, or has become, supreme—that is, in every civilized State throughout Europe or America—statesmen and theorists are driven to devise more or less efficient remedies for ailments of which no one denies the existence.

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The Swiss people and their leaders have been, for more than a generation, occupied with this task; they have worked at it (as has been already pointed out) under very peculiar conditions; they have, however, under these conditions achieved a marked, though not by any means a complete, success. They have formed a stable democracy; they have created an executive which, while not out of harmony with the wishes of the nation, has as much permanence as any Government in Europe; they have secured for the foundations of the Constitution the possibility of change without the risk of incessant alteration; they have, for a time at any rate, minimized the evils of party government. My aim in this letter is to point out the means by which these results have been attained. Whether the methods adopted do not involve counterbalancing evils—whether they are methods which could be adopted say in England, America, or France—are questions to which I hope at some future period to recur, but shall to-day give no answer whatever.

As to the Executive.—The Swiss Executive is neither a President nor a Cabinet; it is an Executive Council (by which name I shall, for the sake of convenience, describe it). It consists of seven persons chosen at the first meeting of the Federal Assembly, or, as Americans would say, of Congress, for a period of three years. The Assembly, it should be noted, consists of two houses, the National Council and the Council of States, or, as we may for clearness' sake term them, the House of Representatives and the Senate. The members of the House of Representatives are themselves elected only for three years. The result, therefore, of the Assembly electing an Executive Council which holds office for three years, is that the Council's tenure of office extends slightly beyond the period for which each Assembly remains in existence, so that the Executive Council holds power from the time when it is elected to the moment when the next Assembly, or Congress, meets. At that moment the Executive Council ceases to exist, and another is elected. Now, there are two or three matters about this Executive Council which require special notice. It is a body elected by the two houses sitting *ad hoc* together; it is a body which may consist either of members of the Assembly, or of persons who have no seats in it. No one can sit at once in the Executive Council and in the Assembly, but the members of the Executive Council have the right of speaking as well in the Senate as in the House of Representatives. No one among the members of the Executive Council is in any sense a Prime Minister. Each year one of them is chosen as President, or Chairman, but no man can hold this position for more than one year consecutively; and though this presidency or chairmanship confers some honorary distinction and some slight increase of salary, it does not, either by law or by custom, increase the authority of the person who holds it. The Council is, in short, a body of equals; they are each and all responsible for the conduct of the administration, but, as a matter of convenience, each practically undertakes a different branch of the Government. One, for example, manages the Post-office; another devotes himself to the War Office, and the like. The Executive Council, again, is, from its very nature, what occasionally, under the stress of peculiar circumstances, an English or French Cabinet professes to be—a "Ministry of business." Its object is to carry on the nation's Government, but not to dictate a policy to the nation. It is to be supposed, though perhaps the supposition may be one forced upon me by the habits of English public life, that the members of the Council agree in a very general way as to the measures they lay before the Assembly; but even this is by no means certain. What is certain is that the Council, or a particular member of it, may propose a law, or, as we should say, a bill, to the Federal Assembly, and yet, if the proposal is rejected, not be required by custom or by opinion to resign his place. A man of eminence recently, when a member of the Council, brought forward a wide scheme for the improvement of national education; it was rejected. The Minister did not retire, and indeed would have violated the conventions of the Constitution if he had retired. The very persons who had most vigorously opposed his educational reforms, publicly expressed satisfaction at the knowledge that the rejection of an ill-judged measure did not deprive the country of a very meritorious and able public servant. Here it is that we see the marked difference between the Swiss system and Parliamentary government as practised in England, and in countries where the Constitution copies the English model.

Two or three results follow which may startle, but also may instruct, parliamentary statesmen. The Swiss Executive Council are elected with a view to administrative ability. Its members need not necessarily belong to one party; there is nothing whatever to prevent a Minister from being again and again reëlected. Practically, as I am told, reëlection is rather a rule than the exception, and men of eminence have remained on the Council for sixteen years or more. It is, in short, a Board chosen on the same business principles on which sensible shareholders would select a board for the management of a railway company. If the directors are men of sense, if they are men of honor, if, above all, they are successful men of business, no shareholder who cares for his dividends thinks that the composition of the Board ought to be changed every three years. The way in which Englishmen think about the management of a trading concern is pretty much, it may be suspected, the way in which the Swiss think about the management of national affairs. The results are what one might expect. Men chosen for business capacity turn out on the whole good men of business. The Executive Council have to perform two difficult feats: they are called upon to minimize the friction inherent in the working of a cumbersome and not very well arranged federal system; they are bound to support the dignity and defend the interests of a small, a free, and, as far as regular troops go, an unarmed country in the face of the great Powers of Europe. These tasks are difficult. That they are well performed is certain, for failure would lead either to internal disturbance or to external embarrassments. Switzerland is at peace at home and is neither defied nor insulted abroad. A Swiss gentleman, unconnected with the Executive Council, and not, I conceive, in sympathy with the prevailing tone of Swiss politics, told me that Bismarck had expressed an opinion that the Council was 'the best popular executive in Europe. The German statesman may, no doubt, have meant to flatter statesmen whom he had no reason to offend, but his known principles or prejudices make it probable that he genuinely respects a body of ministers who have neither the merits nor faults of parliamentary leaders.

In judging of the Swiss Council an Englishman, and even an American, must be careful to keep one point in mind: there is no necessary loss of self-respect involved in a Swiss Minister's keeping office, though his legislative proposals are rejected by the Federal Assembly. In England, this course of action would be degrading, because an English minister holds, or is supposed to hold, office for the sake of passing measures of which he approves. In Switzerland a minister sits on the Council as the servant of the nation, for the sake of carrying out efficiently the policy of the nation. As a good and competent servant he suggests to his employer measures which he thinks expedient, but he is no more personally disgraced by the refusal of his employer to adopt them than an honest solicitor is humiliated by his client's not following his advice about paying off a mortgage. A sovereign or a master may give orders so immoral that no man of virtue or spirit would carry them out. There are occasions, like the contest for the abolition of slavery, which overrule all constitutional regulations. But such crises are rare, they need not occur once in a century; no constitution can provide for them, and I do not know that they have ever tested the theory of Swiss statesmanship. Meanwhile, if any parliamentary pedant sneer at the Swiss refusal to adopt the theory that the nation must necessarily lose the service of an able minister because some one of his measures is rejected by Parliament, the critic will do well to remember that the Swiss practice about members of the Executive Council is exactly the English practice with regard to members of the permanent civil service; they retain office even when carrying out policies which they may individually condemn. Nor ought American critics to overlook one side of Swiss constitutionalism: Switzerland escapes the turmoil of Presidential elections, and Switzerland keeps her best statesmen permanently in office without incurring the evils attaching to the continuous reëlection of the same President.

As to Changes in the Constitution.—The object of democratic statesmanship must be to form a constitution which may combine the two opposed characteristics of mutability and stability. It must be capable of change. If it be not, one of two evils will ensue: (1.) It may remain unchanged and become more or less out of harmony with the necessarily changing wants of the nation. This strikes a foreign critic, at least, as to some extent the defect of your Constitution. It may, again, just because it cannot be easily changed by law, be all too easily subverted by violence. This has been admittedly the defect of almost every constitution framed by Frenchmen. The constitution, again, must be stable. If it be not, it is liable to sudden alterations dictated by popular passion or tolerated without thought by popular indolence. This, as every modern observer knows, constitutes the true though unacknowledged weakness of English constitutionalism. The warmest advocate of home rule will hardly, I conceive, maintain that it can be expedient that the dissolution of the Union should be carried through in less time than and with a good deal less consideration than would be demanded by the Judge of the Probate Division before he dissolved a marriage. Yet every one knows that repeal might conceivably, at least, be carried by the force of popular excitement within a single session. It were easy to conceive circumstances under which Ireland might be deprived of representatives in less than a month. The combination of changeableness and fixity is in Switzerland secured by the application to the Constitution of that Swiss invention which is known as the Referendum. If one omits details, the effect of the Referendum as applied to the Constitution is as follows: Every one of its articles can be changed, and can be changed by a law passed in the ordinary way by the Federal Assembly or Congress. But no change, however slight, comes into force until it has been submitted to the people and has been approved of both by a majority of the voters and also by a majority of the Cantons. The result of this arrangement has fairly answered all reasonable expectations. The Constitution has been more than once altered during the now nearly forty years of its existence; but the Referendum has again and again vetoed changes either inexpedient in themselves or for which popular feeling was not ripe. It has, in short, been the means of giving effect to demo-

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cratic conservatism. Such conservatism is, of course, like every other obstacle to possible improvements, hateful to ardent reformers. But it will be regarded with favor by thinkers who recognize the inevitable advent of democracy, and who also acknowledge the difficulty of giving stability to popular government. Of the Referendum I may at some future time write more; all I need here add is, that it is an institution which has grown up naturally in Switzerland. It prevails in almost every Canton, and in every Canton where it prevails is, I believe, applied not only to constitutional legislation, but to ordinary laws. Wherever it flourishes it has a conservative influence.

As to Party Government.—The essence of party government, as it exists in England, is that the Cabinet should consist of persons holding a particular political creed, and retaining office (in theory at least) only so long as they can give effect to their political convictions. The Cabinet exists, not so much to carry on the Queen's Government, as to carry out the real or supposed principles of the party which has a Parliamentary majority. Hence it follows, among other results, that the Ministry are chosen mainly with reference to their representing the opinions of the majority, and that the whole Cabinet must change office whenever the majority of the House of Commons signifies—either by rejecting the Cabinet's measures or by a direct vote of want of confidence—that the members of the House of Commons no longer support the Government. This system, almost of necessity, involves the existence of an Opposition held together (in theory at least) by their unanimous condemnation of the principles upheld by the Government. It further involves willingness on the part of the Opposition to undertake the duties of administration when at any moment the Cabinet resign office. Of the conditions on which such party government depends, and of its merits and demerits, it is not my purpose to write anything to-day. All that we need note is, that the system of party government is one of the most artificial schemes for carrying on national business which the stress of circumstances has ever called into being, and that in Switzerland this highly complicated plan does not exist. The Swiss people are divided by marked differences of opinion; the Executive Council consists in the main, though not exclusively, of persons who belong to the Liberal party, which has predominant influence in the country. But the Executive Council, as I have already pointed out, though nominated by the Federal Assembly, cannot be dismissed from office by the Assembly. The members of the Council are rather administrators than political leaders: they propose laws to the Assembly, but if the proposals are rejected, the members of the Council do not resign. The Executive Council, moreover, can be held in no sense responsible for the laws which it proposes being carried. Constitutional legislation must be submitted to the people, and may be rejected by the people, and the validity even of ordinary laws does not depend entirely on the will of the Assembly. On a demand of 30,000 Swiss citizens, any law must, before it comes into force, be referred to the people, and depends for its validity on ratification by the popular vote. It is easy to see how all these arrangements, taken together, are opposed to the system of party government which depends for its existence on the supremacy of a representative Assembly. These arrangements may be good or bad. That in Switzerland they exist and are found to work fairly well, leads to an important conclusion. Popular government of the most democratic form has no necessary connection with the kind of party government which appears to be inherent in the system of Cabinet government as it exists in England, and—though this is far less certain—in the system of Presidential government as it exists in America. In Switzerland the people are the true sovereign, and the Executive are the servants of the people in much the same sense in which the Ministry were at one time in England, and still are in Prussia, the servants of the Crown. This state of things is probably inconsistent with parliamentary government; it is not inconsistent with popular government. D.

Correspondence.

ARCHÆOLOGY AT ATHENS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The fifth year of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens has opened auspiciously under the direction of Prof. Martin L. D'Ooge of the University of Michigan. Seven students are actively at work, representing six colleges, Amherst, Beloit, Columbia, Michigan, Trinity, and Yale. Informal reports presented by different members at the weekly sessions in the library of the School have covered generally the results of reading and observation in Athens and Attica. Among the subjects discussed have been the allusions of classical writers to the Academia, some irrational theories concerning the curves of the Parthenon, the identity of the Pnyx, representative statues of cities and communities, and some more distinctively literary topics, such as the different critical treatments of Books ii-vii. of the 'Iliad.' Besides the private reading of Pausanias with the students, and topographical excursions, the director conducts a weekly evening meeting, to which friends not connected with the School are invited, the works for translation and comment being selected for their local coloring. At present the 'Acharnians' and 'Œdipus at Colonus' are read in this way.

The work upon our new building on Lycabettus was begun November 4 on the land presented to the school by the Greek Government, adjoining that of the British School. The relations of these two institutions, thus brought into close neighborly contact, promise to be mutually helpful. The English director, Mr. Penrose, while making his preparations in London for the opening year, sent for the catalogue of our books, in accordance with the proposal made in 1885 by the American Committee, that the two schools should save expense, and at the same time enlarge the scope of the libraries, by avoiding the duplication of rare and costly works and by exchanging privileges of reference.

Excavations begun by the American School at Thoricus in April, and continued this autumn, show that the theatre of Thoricus had no stage structure of any kind. A simple retaining wall defines the limit of the orchestra, which consisted of a primitive earth floor. The foundations of a small temple *in antis* facing the orchestra, with fragments of an Ionic entablature and painted terracotta tiles and antefixæ, were discovered near the west parodos wall. The finely built but irregular rear wall, with its two outside staircases, apparently belongs to a late enlargement of the old theatre, the boundary of which is marked by an inside parallel wall, hitherto unknown.

It is a remarkable fact that while but one inscription has been exhumed, and that consisting of a single word, it proves to be the word of all others most needed to determine the purposes of the theatre, ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΙ, in characters of the Macedonian epoch. Questions connected with various irregularities about the parodos walls are still under investigation. Permission to excavate the theatre of Sicyon has been promised by the Director-General of Antiquities. It is expected that here also something will be found to throw light on the form and purposes of the early Greek stage, all previous conceptions of which have been unsettled by the brilliant discoveries of Dörpfeld at Epidaurus and Athens.

The German Institute opens with five members, four of whom hold *stipendia*. Among the most valued opportunities enjoyed by the American student in Athens is the courteous assistance offered by the two German Secretaries, Drs. Petersen and Dörpfeld, in their special departments of archæology. The French and English schools have not yet begun their year's work.

The Greek Archæological Society is still excavating on the Acropolis, near the Pinacotheca. Besides numerous bronze drinking vessels and some fragments of bronze statuettes, an inscription of the fourth century B. C. has recently been discovered, which indicates that the Chalcotheca was in that vicinity, and not at the east end of the citadel. The same society, within the past few weeks, has excavated the entire north wall of the peribolos of the Olympieum, finding a series of graves containing a few fragments of vases, probably of the Byzantine era; and towards the eastern end, remains of a structure which is conjectured to be a propylæum of Roman date.

The National Government has not ceased its efforts to perfect the classification and arrangement of its collections of antiquities. Visitors now find in Athens many of the conveniences afforded by Northern museums. The place of honor is given to the archaic statues found last winter near the Erechtheum. These are exhibited in the Acropolis Museum in a separate room, the decorations and furniture of which show especial care and taste. W. L. C.

American School, Athens, November 16, 1886.

LAND REFORM—STATISTICS OF INSANITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The land ideas of Henry George are old. Dr. J. R. Buchanan, formerly of Cincinnati, now of Boston, advocated them in two articles which I published in the *Herald of Truth* in the fall of 1847. I regarded them as entirely impracticable, but firmly believed in the wisdom and availability of the land-reform ideas then considerably advocated, including:

(1.) Homestead exemption—since very generally applied by legislation.

(2.) Land freedom to actual settlers on the public domain and no land for speculators—since applied with the mockery of giving all the available land in empires to corporations.

(3.) Land limitation—since applied only to the poor who are crowded beyond the reach of monopolists and far from market, schools, and society.

(4.) Actual personal possession and use the sole ground of title—thus far applied to nobody except the aforesaid poor homesteaders for five years.

Previous to 1850 several papers and lecturers advocated this land reform; but, failing to live by it, all, except one lecturer, were silenced. During the ten years preceding the war I continued to advocate this policy in over 1,000 addresses in five of the Western States, and distributed five or six hundred pages of my own writings on the subject.

The idea of the State becoming a great landlord and obtaining all its revenue by renting the land is supremely absurd, for many reasons, one of which is that *agriculture cannot pay the rent without subjecting the agriculturists, both renters and laborers, to poverty and starvation wages.*

While I am writing to you let me say that the statistics of insanity, to which you have judi-

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ciously alluded, throw no light whatsoever on the increase of insanity among the whites, and much less among the blacks, of this country. Those of 1870 were taken more thoroughly than those of 1860 and 1850; and in 1880 the subject was given in special charge of an expert, who made such an increase as cannot be received even if we suppose the nervous condition of the people to have been more shattered during the decade than it is possible to imagine. These statistics are good for nothing for comparison; and the same may be said of those of idiocy, deaf-mutes, crime, pauperism, etc. It is to be hoped that philosophers fifty years hence will be enabled to make comparisons and deduce some profitable conclusions. If insanity is "a disease of civilization," it is time that civilization were handed over to the reformer.—Respectfully,

L. A. Hine.

Loveland, O.

WHY MEN ARE FARMERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your statement that "one of the most striking phenomena of modern times is the dislike of both the poor and the discontented to get their living by farming," seems to require the explanation that this repugnance is owing rather to the meagreness of the living afforded in proportion to the capital and outlay of labor required, than to the lack of society on the farm or the character of the work. I have all my life been engaged in practical farming, and am not ignorant of the condition of the interest in other localities than my own, and to me one of the most striking phenomena of the times is the fondness for getting a living from the soil in a very large class—much larger than the balance of supply and demand of farm products justifies. The proof of this lies in the smallness of the income in proportion either to the capital required for ownership of farm and equipments, or, in the case of renting, to the wages the same amount of labor will command in other pursuits. The farmer is not always a devotee of beauty and picturesqueness in the Wordsworthian sense, but to every observing man in the country it must be a conspicuous fact that there lies some deep, peculiar fascination in agriculture to induce so many to engage in it that the supply of its products is all the while in such excess as to reduce the net income far below that of any other calling. The price of land keeps steadily up to a figure that places profits out of the question. It is proverbial that the acquirement of a farm without capital to begin with is one of those extraordinary feats only to be accomplished by a man of exceptional acuteness and industry. There are, of course, large numbers constantly going into the towns; but they go, in a great measure, because their labor, even with high rents and prices, will bring them much more there.

The condition of things a hundred years ago, when a farm would support a family directly with little regard to any market, is as much gone by, even for the poorest class of toilers, as the age in which it could be clothed and fed by means of the bow and arrow—a fact which many, especially those bred in the city, seem unable to comprehend. A merchant, of course, with his warehouse full, may experience sudden bankruptcy; but our city visitor, beholding huge pumpkins, stacks of corn, etc., in the field, expresses open-eyed wonder when told that the farmer is not necessarily preserved from a like calamity when the balance of supply and demand in the world's market is against him.

The greatest attraction in farming, with all its hard work and small pay, undoubtedly lies in the opportunity it affords the farmer of being his own master. For such independence he and his family are willing and glad to toil for low compensation. It is this fascination which leads so many to willingly make a life-long, tooth-and-nail struggle to pay for a farm—to pay a price which, on account of this very charm of ownership and opportunity of being one's own master, is fixed all the while out of proportion, otherwise, to the income possible to be derived from the investment.

This view of the farming interest is only confirmed by the facts often referred to of worn-out New England farms. If thousands of them can be rented by merely paying the taxes, to say nothing of those "within twenty miles of New York . . . which can be bought for a mere trifle," it is safe to say that the man who jumps at such a bargain will, for the price of his rural felicity, have the privilege of supporting his family by odd jobs of work in the factories, or wherever he can pick them up, and may consider himself fortunate if he is not compelled to liquidate the taxes also by outside earnings.

M. B. B.

Amenia, Dutchess County, N. Y.

"READING NOTICES."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I sympathize very sincerely with your correspondent, a "Baptist Parson," who feels himself professionally bound to take "several denominational papers," after having "actually come to regard the *Nation* as the only upright and downright *religious* journal that comes into his family." Any regular reader of the *Nation* who believes in truth and righteousness as cardinal virtues, must, indeed, find a heavy strain laid on his "religious temper" by the reading of several sheets which "teach denominationalism principally, and a sort of pale pietism incidentally, in the space they can spare after the demands of objectionable and lying advertisements, and fulsome and tricky 'reading notices,' have been satisfied."

Impenitent readers of the *Nation*, who do not understand how the righteous soul of a "Baptist Parson" must be vexed within him by the taking of "several denominational papers" (if besides taking them he dooms himself to read them), will, perhaps, be able to appreciate his sufferings in the light of the following citation, which I extract from the most widely-circulated newspaper of the Baptist denomination at the South, the *Religious Herald*, of Richmond, Va. In its number for November 25, 1886, that nominally "religious" sheet confesses to one of its "fulsome and tricky" "reading notices" in the following terms:

"We noticed a book some time since and commended its *mechanical execution*. A few days after that a professor of Richmond College walked into our office and said: 'I have read that book and it is full of typographical errors, which would be a disgrace even to a Western publishing house.' The reason the professor caught us was that he read the book and we did not. That books and newspapers come filled with such mistakes is a reproach to the nineteenth century. Such a publisher ought to do better, or try something else."

Yet the publisher of this tricky and lying reading notice would perhaps take offence if your "Baptist Parson" should suggest to him that *he* "ought to do better, or try something else."

Amen Corner.

December 10, 1886.

PHILADELPHIA WATER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent "I. A. W." in the *Nation*, December 2, falls into an error when he says: "In fact, the real reason why no change has been made in our source of water supply is *entirely* [italics mine] political," etc. One of the most important reasons for adhering to the present water supply is the fact that it is unanimously supported by a committee of citizens which has been patiently and thoroughly investigating the subject for about nine months, and the fact that this committee is composed of men who have no suspicion of political bias, all of them being men who are sure to be identified with every movement instituted for the true welfare of Philadelphia. When Philadelphians see associated the names of Messrs. Philip C. Garrett, Joel J. Baily, John Hunter, John Wanamaker, Frank Reeves, Robert R. Corson, and Doctors D. Hayes Agnew and J. Churton Morris, they may be sure that what they approve is supported by something better than a "political reason." The fact is that few large cities in the world have as good a water supply as Philadelphia has; only one large city has a lower death-rate; and it is believed that, with the completion of certain improvements already contemplated by the municipal authorities, every reasonable and some unreasonable objections to the Schuylkill water will be removed.

Yours respectfully, C. W. D.

Philadelphia, December 4, 1886.

COST OF THE GERMAN MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The weekly Summary of your issue of December 2 quotes the cable despatch: "The permanent expenditure [of the German Army] is placed at 23,000,000 marks, and the special at 24,000,000 marks." This statement appeared also in all of the daily papers, but in none of them have I noticed a correction of this palpable error. Referring to Dr. Karl Baumbach's 'Staats-Lexikon,' we find (page 123): "The annual expenditures of the [German] Government include not less than 342,190,985 marks for the Army," besides "a special outlay of 51,130,733 marks for the administration of the army."

Yours respectfully, S. T.

New York, December 7, 1886.

[Our correspondent is quite right. The latest figures given in the *Almanach de Gotha* are 340,672,513 and 32,143,358 marks respectively.—Ed. Nation.]

FLAUBERT'S "REALISM."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The position Gustave Flaubert holds in many persons' minds of being the first, the leader, of the school of so-called "realists" among the French novelists of the day, is one which was so repugnant to him when alive that, dead, those in whom he has inspired a personal regard cannot but desire to show, whenever chance offers, the falsity of this conception. It is, therefore, with peculiar satisfaction that I have just read a page of M. Jules Lemaitre (an accepted critic) which, though not directed to that end, is not without weight in combating this misconception. He speaks in phrase so modern as to be extremely difficult to render (some of his words are not to be found even in Littré), of "the labored impressionism of the Goncourts, the somewhat agitated picturesqueness of M. Daudet, the epic violence of M. Zola, the crudeness (of color) and sharpness (of outline) of M. de Maupassant, the analytic involvement of M. Bourget," declaring that it is always easy to know what their next work will be like, and impossible to read twice their former ones. He continues:

"I find contentment only in absolute perfec-

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tion of form, strict, stern perfection, such as that of the phrases of Flaubert, which one repeats to one's self when the way is dusty (*quand on s'ennuie*), which satisfy you completely, beyond which there is nothing to desire. And this path carries me back to the classics who had the wit to express only essential, eternal things, and to express them in a definitive manner."

This appreciation would have been welcome to Flaubert. He would gladly have led in the classical path towards "the expression of only essential, eternal things in a definitive manner."

* *

Notes.

KARL KRON'S 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle' will be ready for mailing in January. If its utility or its readability is to be measured by the time and care expended on its preparation, the purchaser will not fail of his recompense. The author-publisher's address is University Building, New York, or Station D.

Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, have in preparation 'Selections from Buddha,' translated by Samuel Beal; 'Veronica and Other Friends,' another translation from the German of Mme. Spyri, by Louise Brooks; 'Letters from Surprise Land,' a girl's impressions of the West; 'The Sunday Law,' by Judge Putnam of Uxbridge, Mass.; and 'Rambles in Old Boston,' by the Rev. E. G. Porter, illustrated by Geo. R. Tolman.

'Suggestive Lessons in Language and Reading,' by Anna B. Badlam, is to be published in April by D. C. Heath & Co.

'Cebes' Tablet,' edited by Prof. Richard Parsons, of Ohio Wesleyan University, is announced by Ginn & Co.

Researches in connection with a Life of Charles Brockden Brown have led Mr. Edward Irenæus Stevenson to the discovery of the complete MS. journals of Dr. Elihu H. Smith of New York, which possess much interest and value for their references to literary characters and events at the close of the last century. Mr. Stevenson hopes to publish them in time, after his main work is completed.

Elliot Stock, London, is about to issue a monthly *Book Prices Current*, recording the prices realized at auction, in town and country, for rare books. The entries will give the titles, the names of the purchasers, the date of the sale, and the amount paid. The undertaking can hardly fail of support.

A gift-book of the most tasteful and elegant character is Lord Ronald Gower's 'Last Days of Marie Antoinette' (Roberts Bros.), a small quarto of 154 pages. As a frontispiece there is a portrait of the Queen near the close of her life, from that by Kocharsko: "'The face is still 'majestic though in ruin,' and shows the almost haughty mien which never quite left the daughter of the Cæsars. . . . There is no more pathetic portrait than this." The story related in this volume is that of the last seventy-six days of her life, from the time of her removal to the Conciergerie, August 2, 1793, to her death on the 16th of October. The book is written in a simple, earnest style, the more impressive from the absence of exaggeration. In the preface the author, who had once intended writing a complete life of Marie Antoinette, says: "The Queen's life becomes chiefly interesting as it approaches its end, and is chiefly remarkable by showing how a woman, whose early years were trifled thoughtlessly away, and who in later life—most unfortunately for her family, herself, and her adopted country—mixed herself in politics, where women are ever mischievous, was raised through suffering to an heroic level." Undoubtedly a sound historical judgment; whether sound as a piece of political philosophy, may be questioned, unless by "mixing" is meant "interfering" with what is not a recognized sphere of action. Marie Antoinette mixed in politics and ruined herself: her contemporary Catherine made government her business with brilliant success. "This edition, printed on hand-made linen paper, is limited to 483 numbered copies."

Lamb's face is on the title-page of 'Some Essays of Elia,' illustrated by C. O. Murray, and bearing the imprint, in this country, of D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Murray's designs are pen drawings, and not much can be said for them except that they are numerous. The book really recommends itself to those who desire an edition in large print of "The Two Races of Men," "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist," "Dream-Children," "The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers," "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," "A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis," and the rest of the fifteen essays selected by the illustrator for his own purpose.

The Jubilee Edition of the 'Pickwick Papers,' just issued in two handsome green cloth volumes by Macmillan & Co., will gratify many admirers of the author and the work, and insure the latter a new lease of life. It is fifty years since this unique production of Dickens's genius, and the most popular, first appeared, and hence the name adopted by his son Charles for the present issue. An introduction relates the vicissitudes in the illustration of the original serial, owing to Seymour's suicide, and in the production of the text itself, owing to the death of Mary Hogarth, and contains many other interesting particulars. This is followed by the absurd Calverley examination papers in Pickwick, and by Dickens's original dedication to Talfourd, and preface; and then we have a clear reprint of the extravaganza, with notes, explanatory and archæological, at the end of every chapter, with a great variety of illustrations of places, buildings, etc., associated with the story, and occasional (apparently newly drawn) character sketches on a small scale. The pictorial scheme is in excellent keeping with the typography on the one hand, and the half-century-old atmosphere of the book on the other. Altogether the result is extremely satisfactory, and the new edition will doubtless give point to the English wanderings of many an American tourist hereafter.

'Colonial France' (London: Allen & Co.), by C. B. Norman, consists mainly of brief historical descriptions of the various French colonies, exclusive of Algeria, with details as to their government, and statistics of population, commerce, and finance. The older colonies are fully treated, but the accounts of Tunis, Tonkin, and even of Madagascar leave much to be desired, while, but for an incidental mention of the French possessions on the Congo in his final chapter, we should have supposed that the author did not know of their existence. He continually sounds a note of warning to his countrymen as to the progress of French influence, and the fact that their distant colonies "are purely military settlements, destined, in the event of war, to be strategic points whence England's trade can be crippled and England's colonies ruined." In the map which accompanies this volume, and which is colored so as to show the various British and French possessions, we notice that to France is given the whole of Madagascar and the New Hebrides, which is strictly contrary to fact.

The Pope Manufacturing Co., Boston, advertise their specialty in a Columbia Calendar for 1887, whose gay background shows the adventurous youth 'cycling round the world, and a fair damsel on a tricycle. The reading-matter on the pad, we are informed—and we will not withhold the good tidings from our brethren of the country press—"might come in handily for 'copy' now and then." From Koch, Sons & Co., 156 William Street, we have a large crazy-quilt design stamped all over with gold, called "The Calendar of Choice Selections," compiled by Eleanor R. Deane from a great number of poets and prose writers; and a "Children's Calendar," by the same editress, equipped with seven pads (for the days of the week), and a mine of instruction in "unselfishness, politeness, habits of order, and other cardinal virtues." Any child's eye will be captivated by the bright decoration of the calendar.

In proper juxtaposition with the foregoing we may mention the "Eternal Time Indicator" sent us by the company bearing the same name (New York: 45 Lispenard Street). The number of these backward and forward-looking contrivances is legion, but we find this among the simplest and most convenient, displayed on a card without circles, sectors, or other apparatus.

B. Westermann & Co. send us the fifth, and the first four parts of the third, volume of 'Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon,' carrying the work along to Louis Figuier. The articles on the Danube and on Fortifications are most in line with current topics, and the latter especially occupies a large space and is well illustrated. Iron (with the kindred subject of Railroads), Petroleum, Electricity, and Telephone are also treated at considerable length, together with "Drainage"—a word taken squarely over from the English, and presumably, therefore, abhorrent to Bismarck, especially whenever it happens to be printed in Roman characters. Other leading articles are on the Earth and Geography, Europe, England, Marriage, and Divorce, etc. American biography does not figure largely in these volumes, and in its actual selection and proportion suggests the advisability of a sifting (from edition to edition, or from decade to decade) by some competent person, with a view to taking advantage of the judgments of time. For example, one might think a German conversation more likely to introduce the name either of Senator Edmunds or of Admiral Dupont than of the late E. A. Duyckinck, who alone of the three is found in place. There are colored plans of Düsseldorf, Dresden, Elberfeld and Barmen, Erfurt, and Strasbourg besieged; maps of Europe in various aspects, and of Germany with the State and private railways indicated, of Elsass-Lothringen, of the northern heavens. Fine indeed are the colored anatomical plates, and two sheets of birds' eggs and another of precious stones.

From the same firm come Parts 51-60 of the 'Allgemeinde Naturkunde,' still dealing with ethnography till in Part 60 we arrive at Man—him of to-day and his prehistoric ancestor, beginning (inevitably) with a consideration of the differences and likeness between man and the apes. This is all finely illustrated, and in fact the entire work is most intelligently furnished with excellent woodcuts from the best sources, showing races, customs, implements, etc., etc. The colored plates are not of as evenly high a quality, and are best when dealing with inanimate objects. The chapter on Madagascar and its inhabitants has a living interest. There are several maps—most curious being one of the peninsula of Italy, shaded for the average heights of the youths of twenty, and one of Middle Europe, indicating the distribution of the dark type of man. Both maps placed together would show a convergence upon the Alps; the dark-complexioned massing southward, and the tall massing northward.

For the highest style of instructive illustration, accompanying a text of the weightiest authority, commend us to the popular 'Allgemeine Geschichte' of Flathe, Hertzberg, Philippson, and their co-editors (Berlin: G. Grote). Parts 42-59, the last to come to hand, are not likely to be surpassed in interest, either historical or pictorial, dealing as they do with the Reformation and with

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the French Revolution. It would require much more space than we can spare at this season to give any adequate idea of the wealth of engravings impressed in the service of the readers of this history. All the great lights of the Reformation, from Luther to Calvin, all the great monarchs of all Europe, are portrayed after Holbein, Cranach, Dürer, as the civil and military usages of the sixteenth century are exhibited by Amman, Beham, and other contemporary designers. Many of these portraits are classical, like the several Luthers, Erasmus, Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo, or the Droeshout Shakspere; but the sweep includes still more which are less known, like the Abbé Sieyès, or Magellan. Then we have scenes like the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the torture chamber of the Inquisition, the execution of Egmont and Horn, the *lanterne* in Paris. Add the facsimiles of broadsides and titles of books, and MSS., and the *Bulla contra errores Martini Lutheri et sequacium*. Even such a symbolical design as the "Triumph of Reuchlin," the theologian, with its concomitant representations of cruelty to opponents, speaks volumes as to the civilization of the time. But we must pause.

M. Gustave Larroumet has collected the articles published by him in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on Molière and his troupe, under the title, 'La Comédie de Molière, l'auteur et le milieu' (Paris: Hachette). This is by far the most valuable and most comprehensive French contribution to Molière literature since the publication of Taschereau's life of the poet. It sums up in a short space the results of the latest researches of the *Moliéristes*, who often write at very great length to give very little new information.

The delight of dethroning a "first edition" by discovering one *prior* and probably *prima* is evinced in the leading article in *Le Livre* for November. A Frenchman of this city, M. Jolly Bavoillot, performs the feat in the case of Victor Hugo, without leaving his arm-chair, and gleefully relates his 'Voyage dans un fauteuil à la recherche de l'édition originale de "Ruy Blas."' The narrative might have been shorter, but something is pardonable to a collector's enthusiasm, and there is really a curious interest in the appearance on this first edition of the name of a German publisher, Brockhaus. The other feature of this number of *L'Art* is an etched portrait of Champfleury, seated at his writing-table, with numerous fine-China accessories. One feels instinctively that this likeness is to the life.

Polybiblion for November tells of 'Pushkiniana,' edited by Mezhoff, with a life of the great Russian poet, an account of the publications pertaining to his recent statue, of his works and their critics and translators, etc., etc. A bibliography is added concerning the Alexander Lyceum, at which Pushkin was educated.

In the newly issued report of Dr. Struve, Director of the Pulkova Observatory, the new thirty-inch refractor, at present the largest telescope in existence, is spoken of in terms of the highest approval, both as regards its optical power and the mounting, the movement of the dome, etc. It will be remembered that the great object-glass of this instrument was the work of the Clarks, who completed it in 1883. The telescope has been intrusted to the charge of a son of Dr. Struve, who has employed it in the critical examination of a large number of test objects, such as the satellites of Mars, Saturn, and Neptune, the fainter double stars, the Maia nebula (discovered photographically at Paris), and the Nova Andromedæ, which latter object is said to have been easily visible as late as the latter part of January.

In a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, M. Cruls states that the Observatory at Rio de Janeiro is about to be removed to a much more favorable site on the same parallel as the present Observatory, but somewhat to the west. After the removal has been accomplished he hopes to conduct observations of terrestrial magnetism and atmospheric electricity, and to record any possible movements of the soil by means of the seismograph. The Observatory has already taken steps toward coöperation in the photographic survey of the heavens as proposed by Admiral Mouchez.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the Modern Language Association of America will be held at the Johns Hopkins University on December 28, 29, and 30. On Tuesday evening, December 28, an address of welcome will be delivered by President Gilman, followed by the address of the President of the Association, Franklin Carter, President of Williams College, Massachusetts. On Wednesday and Thursday, there will be three regular sessions for the reading of papers and for other business. On the Monday evening before the opening of the Convention, President Gilman, with the resident members of the Association, will receive the non-resident members, informally, at his house, and, on Tuesday, arrangements will be made for visiting the libraries and other institutions of Baltimore. On Wednesday evening, a social reception will be given by Mr. D. L. Bartlett of Baltimore. Reduced rates for railways and hotels have been obtained, and orders for excursion tickets are in the hands of the Secretary, Prof. A. Marshall Elliott of the Johns Hopkins University, to whom application should be made by those desiring to be present. The sessions of the Convention will be open to the public; and all professors and teachers of modern languages, whether members of the Association or not, will be made cordially welcome.

— 'The Western Boundary of Massachusetts,' by Franklin Leonard Pope, is a pamphlet privately printed, and further entitled "A Study of Indian and Colonial History." The author, a member of the Berkshire Historical and Scientific Society, here presents in a lasting form, supplied with copious notes, and illustrated by a large and clear map, a paper read by him before that society in April, 1885. He tells, with great care and continual reference to his authorities, the whole story of the settlement of the territory between the Hudson and Connecticut Rivers, and of the long and sometimes bloody struggle over the establishment of the boundary line between New York and Massachusetts. In the conflicts of authority between the two colonies—for a settlement was reached soon after they became States—Massachusetts generally appears as the aggressor, or, at least, as the upholder and protector of very bold and determined individual aggressors upon lands held under New York grants. Mr. Pope, however, lays full stress upon the grasping and even fraudulent manner in which these grants, in their full extent, had been obtained by Livingston and Van Rensselaer, and upon the underlying fact that the struggle was not merely between two sets of squatters, but between two radically different systems of land tenure, and led at last to the destruction of the antiquated feudal tenure of New York. Incidentally, Mr. Pope gives us quite a dissertation upon the Mohicans or Mohegans, who were the original owners of the territory in question, and whom he vigorously defends from the charge of having ever been subjugated or expelled by their hereditary enemies, the Mohawks. The tone of respect and admiration in which he at all times speaks of these Mohicans, or Stockbridge Indians, is noticeable. Their generosity and good faith do indeed stand out in vivid contrast with the greed and dishonesty of New York patroons and New England land-grabbers.

—Subscribers to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' ninth edition, who look to it by preference for contributions on scientific, mechanical, or art subjects, will probably be less satisfied with volume xxi (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1886) than with most of its predecessors. The most important of the rare and comparatively less bulky articles of that class are "Salt," "Seamanship," "Series," "Schools of Painting" and "Sculpture" (by Prof. Middleton, and rather scantily illustrated), "Shipbuilding," and that headed by the redoubtable name "Schizomycetes"—"a term proposed by Nägeli in 1857 to include all those minute organisms known as Bacteria, Microphytes, Microbes, etc." History, geography, and biography, on the other hand, as well as philology and Biblical criticism, are well represented, and in part better than ever. Of historical and geographical articles we may mention those on Rumania—with a considerable omission to be covered under "Vlachs"—Russia (geography and statistics by Kropotkin, history and literature by Morfill), the St. Lawrence, St. Petersburg (Kropotkin), Samarcand, Sardinia, Saxony, Scotland (upwards of seventy pages, by five writers), Scythia (Prof. Gutschmid), Seljuks, Servia, and Siam. Literary biography is richly represented by elaborate lives of Rousseau, Saint Simon, and Sainte-Beuve (the former two by Saintsbury, the third by Matthew Arnold); of Schelling, Schiller, Schleiermacher, and Schopenhauer; of Scott (Prof. Minto), Shakspere (Prof. Baynes), Shelley (Rossetti), and Sheridan (Minto). The articles on Sanskrit (Prof. Eggeling, and the Scandinavian and the Semitic languages (Dr. Noreen, Prof. Nöldeke) are among the heaviest in the volume. Prof. W. Robertson Smith discourses learnedly on Ruth, Sabbath, Sacrifice, and Samaritans; Wellhausen, on the Septuagint; and Prof. Seth, on Scepticism and Scholasticism. The weakest side of the volume—as well as of many a preceding one—is the portion of the history of countries which refers to late events; it is almost uniformly meagre and defective beyond anything in similar works.

—As this general defect of the 'Britannica' can still be remedied in a supplement, it deserves to be fully pointed out. Under "Russia" the Eastern war of 1853-56 is thus described (we leave out certain phrases without facts): "In 1853 broke out the Crimean war. The Emperor . . . found enemies instead of allies in England and France. The chief events of this memorable struggle were the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, and [the] Tchernaya, and the siege of Sebastopol; this had been skilfully fortified by Todleben. . . . In 1855 the Russians destroyed the southern side of the city, and retreated to the northern. In the same year, on March 14 [*sic* for March 2, N. S., Feb. 19, O. S.], died the Emperor Nicholas, after a short illness." This is all. In which years, under what commanders, and with what results the battles were fought, we are not told; nor who defended or stormed Sebastopol, or that it fell six months after Nicholas's death. There is no allusion to the campaigns on the Danube and in Asia, with their sieges of Silistria and Kars, to the sea-fight at Sinope, or to the participation of Sardinia in the war. We turn to the article "Crimea" for fuller information and find eight lines, including again a bare mention of "the battles of the Alma, [the] Tchornaya, Balaclava, and Inkerman"—with different spellings, and in bad order, for the battle of the Tchernaya was fought nine months after those of Balaklava and Inkerman. We look under "Sebastopol," and even here we find, in nine lines, no such name as Gortchakoff, Raglan, Pélissier, or Malakhoff, nor an allusion to Sardinians or Turks in the contest. Will the article "England," which is a large book, give us the needed

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information? It contains just these four solitary war names: Crimea, Alma, Sebastopol, Inkerman, and these two war dates: 1854, 1855. "France," another large book, contains somewhat more, but we still look in vain for a mention of Paskevitch, Omer Pasha, Oltenitza, Napier, Bomarsund, Saint-Arnaud, Raglan, Canrobert, Pélissier, Kars, Williams, etc. The war of 1877-78 is treated still worse. Under "Russia" we find these words: "In 1877 Russia came to the assistance of the Slavonic Christians against the Turks. After the terrible siege of Plevna nothing stood between them and the gates of Constantinople. In 1878 the treaty of San Stefano was signed. . . ." We also find a few lines under "Plevna," and one line each under "Kars," "Rustchuk," and "Shumla," Shipka being forgotten. Such is the history of Russia's greatest Turkish war in a huge cyclopædia in which the chief actors in the conflict, such as Czar Alexander II., Milan of Servia, Charles of Rumania, Nikita of Montenegro, Gurko, Loris-Melikoff, Osman Pasha, etc., have, as persons living at the time of publication, found no biographical mention under their names. Nor did the writers of "Roumelia" and "Servia," in the volume before us, remember that "Bulgaria" was written before the war of deliverance, and that therefore allusions to that war, to the "Bulgarian atrocities" that preceded it, to the treaty of San Stefano, to Servia's reason for a war with Bulgaria in 1885, and to Alexander of Battenberg, were unavoidably required.

— The idea commonly entertained among us as to the state of cartography in the middle ages is so largely derived from sixteenth-century Ptolemies and the works of Apianus, Münster, etc., supplemented, perhaps, by reproduced extracts from earlier maps, that we are apt to overlook the fact that the navigators of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had a more accurate knowledge of the sea-coast than had the professional geographers for some centuries later. Humboldt long since insisted upon this, and others have followed him, but the fact is difficult to comprehend without a study of the maps made by or for these navigators; and as such maps, though very numerous, are almost exclusively manuscript, and satisfactory reproductions have been found hitherto only in the costly atlases of Jomard, Kunstmann, etc., few persons are familiar enough with them to recognize their excellence through the bewildering network of compass lines that bedecks them, and in the absence of parallels of latitude and longitude. The coast-pilots or ruttiers of the middle ages, though neglected by geographers as the itineraries and peripli of classic times were neglected by Ptolemy and Marinus, and with like disastrous results, were exceedingly full and accurate in their descriptions of the coast. When the magnetic needle became, in combination with the compass card, an indispensable companion for voyagers, the added element of direction made it easy to throw the coast-pilot-books into graphic form, and there resulted a rapid production of a number of these large detailed charts, often beautifully ornamented in colors, in which the coast line, as to distances and directions, was very accurately depicted. These resultants of the accumulated experience of centuries show the avoidance of two of the most marked errors which disfigured the work of professional geographers from the days of Greece down to the last century: the undue elongation of the Mediterranean, and the false direction given to the axis of the Caspian Sea.

— The accurate reproduction of some of these log-and-compass charts in a convenient form at a reasonable price was long a desideratum which is now well met in the series of photographs entitled 'Raccolta di Mappamondi e carte nautiche dal xiii. al xv. secolo,' issued by Ongania at Venice (New York: F. W. Christern), fifteen of which have now appeared. Dr. Theobold Fischer, Professor of Geography at Marburg, has recently written a general introduction to the series under the title 'Beiträge zur Geschichte der Erdkunde und der Kartographie in Italien im Mittelalter: Sammlung mittelalterlicher Welt- und Seekarten italienisches Ursprungs' (Venice: Ongania, 1886). More than half of the octavo volume of 254 pages is devoted to commentaries upon particular maps, as the Visconti map of 1311, the Medicean Atlas of 1351, maps of Bianco, Agnese, etc., the Mappamondi of 1447 receiving a very full exposition. Of more general interest is the first part of the book, wherein the latest results of German and Italian investigation into the nature and origin of these loxodromic maps, as the Germans have called them, are brought together. And if the main object of the work is to claim for Italy preëminence in advancing geographical knowledge and maritime investigation, it cannot be denied that such a claim is in large part just, though we may not always follow the author in his depreciation of other nations, or agree with him that England owes her maritime supremacy to the influence of Italy, exerted through the personality of Sebastian Cabot, Venetian. The volume is badly printed, and the index is scant and clumsy.

RECENT POETRY.

THE last few months have called forth nothing new from the greater poets, but have brought the usual harvest from those of lesser fame. For some of these it may be said, in Holmes's phrase, that poetry is walking on the toes; few can do it gracefully, and the solid contact of the heel also is commonly needed to secure a well-poised gait. This is strikingly seen in the thick volume by Mr. Benjamin F. Taylor, for instance, containing his 'Complete Poetical Works' (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.), with portrait and autograph. It is a kindly, good-natured face that looks out, upon which one can detect a lurking look of wonder as to how the author became—as we are assured—*famous, or why the London Times called* him the Goldsmith of America. The reader of the poems at first shares the surprise, but presently the solution is plain. The author observes and loves common and homely things; and although his poetry is almost wholly trite and commonplace in execution, yet there are scattered through the book at least half-a-dozen prose preludes, on "The Old Barn," "The Psalm-Book in the Garret," "The Miller and the Mill," "The North Woods," "The Deserted Homestead," and the like, which are worth all the verses put together. Here the author steps with free and firm stride; throughout all the rest he is walking unnaturally and on his toes.

Even in his most commonplace verse, however, Mr. Taylor gives us that which is yet rare in American poetry—local coloring. He writes of that which he has seen and known. This merit is also to be found in a book of much smaller pretensions, somewhat crudely executed, dingily printed, and adorned with no portrait of the author, but showing enough of outdoor feeling and homely human interest to set up half-a-dozen daintier bards. Its title is 'Shore-Life in Song,' by William Hale (Biddeford, Me.: *Journal* Office). The region he celebrates is Ogunquit, wherever that may be: and his seaweeds and shipwrecks and old fishermen are as genuine as those of Miss Jewett's 'Deephaven.' In 'A Village Sketch, and Other Poems,' by Charles G. Fall (Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.), we have the Concord, Mass., scenery; and in two thin volumes by Graham Clayton there are some very simple and wholesome pictures of the Virginia life and landscape. These books are entitled 'Among the Hills; or, Scenes in Piedmont, Virginia, and Other Poems' (Richmond: Randolph & English), and 'Otterdale; or, Pen Pictures of Farm Life' (same publishers). From this last we take an extract, to show the manner of execution

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Upon a hill, a gentle hill that slopes
Towards the setting sun, the olden mansion stands
Deep bosomed in the tall ancestral trees,
Beneath whose pendent boughs and genial shades
Our fathers played a hundred years ago.
Hard by the garden gate, the sycamore
Upreers its dark form towards the deep blue sky
And fondly stretches out its arms above
The shingle roof. Two friendly locust trees
Stand guard beside the old front gate, that opes
A welcome to the touch of every hand.
Green cedars cluster here and there, and keep
Their silent watch, while broad mulberry trees
Whose boughs so intertwine that scarce a ray
Of sunshine penetrates their foliage,
Encircle all the yard; no bush or shrub
Grows 'neath to mar the beauty of the rich
Blue grass that carpets o'er the spacious lawn.
Along the garden wall the beehives range
Beneath the ancient pear tree's prickly branch,
And all the livelong day a busy stream
Of insect life is flowing in and out.
From spicy groves and blooming fields they come
On tipsy wing, and bring their precious stores
And fill the hives with golden honeycomb. (P. 7)

Miss Minnie Gibson, too, in her 'Pipes from Prairie-Land and Other Places' (Cassell), attempts the same sort of thing, but does it less simply and with too much of that "dialect" which has now grown tiresome. But in her poem on the flower called "The Shooting Star" she embalms a wholly new blossom in poetry, though Helen Jackson had already mentioned it in prose; and she is certainly the first to take for her theme "A Sorghum Candy Pull," which she really makes almost intelligible by her description:

Five miles out from house or village stands the old farm on the prairie;
From its roof red lanterns dangle, lest we miss the lonely way.
Lamps are shining at each window, in the barn, and in the dairy,
And red pine-flames on the snowdrifts o'er the kitchen threshold play.
Rows of sleighs stand in the barnyard; rows of steeds paw in the stable;
There is sound of many voices, then a sudden listing lull,
As we sweep through the great gateway to the porch beneath the gable,
Where the farmer bids us welcome to the sorghum candy pull. (P. 52.)

The author of 'Heart's Own Verses' (Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.), Mr. E. R. Champlin, says, somewhat rashly, in his preface, "Most of the pieces in this book have not been published; those which have been will doubtless be readily recognized by most readers." We think not; very few of those which we have read make a sufficiently marked impression to be recalled if read again a month hence. Nor is the impression made by Mr. G. L. Raymond's 'A Life in Song' (Putnams) a very profound one; the volume is meditative and didactic, but has more of life than of song in it. 'Lyrics of Life,' by John Grosvenor Wilson (New York: Caxton), is apparently by a young man connected in some way with the dramatic profession, and has something of fire and passion here and there. In 'Poems,' by James Vila Blake (Chicago: Chas H. Kerr & Co), these qualities are rather painfully wanting, while there is a profusion of meditation and mental exercise. A sort of fantasy on "Wild Rice" may be noted as attractive, and as reminding one a little of Lanier. In 'An Epigrammatic Voyage,' by Denton J. Snider (Ticknor & Co.), we have a strain which the author has already employed more freshly, with the advantage of a landscape background, in his 'Delphic Days'; but the dingy appearance of this book is hardly worthy of the house whose name it bears. 'In the King's Garden, and Other Poems' is a second edition of the works of the late James Berry Bensel (Boston: Lothrop), with a most touching biographical preface by his friend Oscar Fay Adams, himself a poet of high aims and conscientious execution, and editor of that admirable series 'Round the Year with the Poets' (Lothrop). There is certainly an exquisite quality about these poems of Mr. Bensel's, and they fully justify the regrets of

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those who knew their author. 'Reymond, a Drama of the American Revolution,' by Henry M. Cronkhite (Putnams), is a dramatic poem in which the weak point is, as usual, in the low life and the comedy. Mr. I. R. Baxley can hardly be said to have chosen low life for a theme in 'The Temple of Alanthus, with Other Poems' (Putnams), for his subjects are often Egyptian and Persian, with scenery as remote as that of Georg Ebers's novels; but there is a certain tone of earnestness in what he writes. The 'New Essay on Man, and Miscellaneous Poems,' by J. B. Swasey (Dillingham), seems to us not so much earnest as inflated, though sincere.

Some of the most valuable volumes of the last few months have been those contributed by women. At the head of these stands, of course, the little collection of the hitherto unprinted poems of "H. H.," now known as Helen Jackson, under the name of 'Sonnets and Lyrics' (Boston: Roberts). It is printed uniformly with her 'Verses,' and has a tender prefatory poem by the editor, Miss Woolsey. The months since Mrs. Jackson's death have only deepened the proof of what American literature loses in her; and her very last poems are certainly among the strongest she ever wrote. This volume, as a whole, is more unequal than 'Verses,' and some of the strains belong to the intermediate period after her intensities of passion had ceased to express themselves and before the final uplifting. The editor has wisely selected for a closing poem the verses called "The Song He Never Wrote," with its exquisitely delicate and evanescent transitions and intershadings, subtle and elusive as the tints upon a dove's wings:

THE SONG HE NEVER WROTE.

His thoughts were song, his life was singing;
Men's hearts like harps he held and smote,
But in his heart went ever ringing,
Ringing, the song he never wrote.

Hovering, pausing, luring, fleeting,
A farther blue, a brighter mote,
The vanished sound of swift winds meeting,
The opal swept beneath the boat;

A gleam of wings forever flaming,
Never folded in nest or cote:
Secrets of joy, past name or naming;
Measures of bliss, past dole or rote;

Echoes of music, always flying,
Always echo, never the note;
Pulses of life, past life, past dying—
All these in the song he never wrote.

Dead at last, and the people, weeping,
Turned from his grave with wringing hands—
"What shall we do, now he lies sleeping,
His sweet song silent in our lands?

"Just as his voice grew clearer, stronger"—
This was the thought that keenest smote—
"O Death! couldst thou not spare him longer?
Alas, for the songs he never wrote!" (P. 133.)

Next to this volume we should rank—but quite at a distance—'The Cruise of the *Mystery*, and Other Poems,' by Celia Thaxter (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). True to herself, Mrs. Thaxter has a whiff of the sea in her title and on many pages; yet there are the unmistakable marks of wider experience and of a more trained ear. Mrs. Elizabeth Akers shows something of the same development in her 'Silver Bridge, and Other Poems' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); she has ripened beyond the too easy sing-song of her "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," but we miss something of the proud movement of strong contest with fate which was visible in her "Ich bin Dein" and others of the early poems. Miss Nora Perry seems to us to gain less with time than either of these other poets; her 'New Songs and Ballads' (Ticknor & Co.) has the sort of hard finish that characterizes all her verse, with little of sympathy or attraction. Of far finer quality, to our thinking, is the work of Mrs. Margaret Deland, who gives us the most promising volume of any new woman-poet in America since Miss Edith Thomas and Miss Hutchinson. Her interpretations of nature are as intimate and delicate as theirs; but her touch is not yet so practised: her "Dance of the Fairies" is far below Miss Thomas's "A Light Round," or the "Moth-Song" of Miss Hutchinson. But her "Old Garden," the title-poem of the book (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a delicious mingling of all old-fashioned sights and sounds and scents. Another woman's book, in every sense, is Mrs. Margaret J. Preston's 'For Love's Sake; Poems of Faith and Comfort' (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.). This has in it much of thoughtful and earnest work, while the uniformly religious motive imparts a little flavor of the conventional. Much the same may be said of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's 'Holy Tides' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). To these poems by women may be added the new volume by Emily Charles, 'Lyrical Poems' (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.), a beautifully printed and fairly illustrated volume of smooth and not very characteristic verse, such as is sure to find its way into the corners of newspapers.

'The Imitators: A Poem of Boston Life' (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is one of those tame satires which make even the thing satirized seem interesting by comparison. Very different is the talent of Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, who in his 'Songs and Satires' (Ticknor & Co.) has many capital touches. His "Concord Love Song," and his sketch of the maidens from four cities, trying to pronounce the word *vase*, have already established themselves in facetious literature. Mr. Roche is understood to be associated with Mr. O'Reilly in the Boston *Pilot*; and it is very interesting to watch the distinct and valuable element that is making its way into our poetry from such Irish-American writers as these two, with their townswomen, Mrs. Mary E. Blake and Miss Imogen Guiney. In this connection should be mentioned, as something quite unique, the beautifully printed collection of 'The Latin Poems of Leo XIII., done into English verse by the Jesuits of Woodstock College' (Baltimore: John Murphy). Even the seeming formality which attaches to all modern Latin verse cannot hide the genial kindness and thoughtful sweetness of these poems; and the translation, though unequal, is often in a high degree fresh and spirited. The most attractive of these verses are a series addressed to the parish priests of Perugia, where the author was once bishop; and this, to one Peter Penna, will serve as an example:

IN PETRUM PENNA.

Fortunate senex, dulcis dum vita maneret
Te candore animi, te pietate, fide
Æquabat nemo; lætis in arctis
Delicium populi tu, bone pastor, eras.

TRANSLATION.

O rare old man! through all thy life's sweet way,
A whiter soul than thine, more true, more kind,
No man of us hath known: thy flock's dear stay
In weal or woe, shepherd of equal mind.

Another of the promising group of younger Boston authors is Mr. Arlo Bates, well known as a novelist. His 'Berries of the Brier' (Boston: Roberts Bros.), if sometimes a little dry or hard, as is the wont of berries, have often a very choice and aromatic flavor, as in the following:

A SHADOW BOAT.

Under my keel another boat
Sails as I sail, floats as I float;
Silent and dim and mystic still,
It steals through that weird nether-world,
Mocking my power, though at my will
The foam before its prow is curled,
Or calm it lies, with canvas furled.

Vainly I peer, and fain would see
What phantom in that boat may be;
Yet half I dread, lest I with ruth
Some ghost of my dead past divine—
Some gracious shape of my lost youth,
Whose deathless eyes, once fixed on mine,
Would draw me downward through the brine!
(P. 23.)

An older Boston poet, who preserves in years the ardor of youth and much of its power of expression, is Mr. Christopher Pearse Cranch. Only a small part of his new volume, 'Ariel and Caliban, with Other Poems' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has been published before. The title-poem is in a manner a plea for Caliban, as is Browning's poem on a similar subject; but Mr. Cranch's treatment is lighter and airier. The poem next in length is his former cantata "Satan," now improved in form and more seductively rebaptized "Ormuzd and Ahriman." With these are many shorter poems, grave and gay, and some of the most delicate and perfect sonnets yet written in America. We gladly accept as true of the author himself these generous verses:

OLD AND YOUNG.

1.

They soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold;
Who live for self, and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf,
Cankered and crusted o'er with mould.
For them their youth itself is old.

2.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes.
For them the immortal bards have sung,
For them old age itself is young. (P. 106.)

If it was the object of the author of 'Words to Song of Hugh Allone, Sailor' (Richmond, Va.: Whittet & Shepperson), to produce one of the craziest and most bewildering books in all literature, he has succeeded. From beginning to end, through advertisement, poems, and notes, it is a chaos without a key, a labyrinth without a clue. It is said to be compiled by John Marshall Doggett, and there are occasional hints of its having something to do with some kind of life-saving service; but all else is a mystery. Perhaps the insanest thing in the volume is a long play or masque called "Max, the Blind Seer of Poland," in which sprites, wizards, and newspaper reporters take part; but it is hard to choose. The following is a fair sample of the verses, and is addressed to John Smith:

Hail! John Smith, of many One,
Greater then than Washington;
Common man: of whose great Form
We're but shadows; general Norm,
Thou immortal one; Smiths die,
But John Smith's the same stand-by
Deathless as the Wandering Jew—
O, John Smith, don't I love you!
Men may into smithers go;
But John Smith is always *so*.
Ay, we're Smithers of John Smith;
We're the leaves and he's the pith.
Since the Greek for "Smith" is "type,"
Call him *Mr. Typos*. Ripe
With old age, or else, "bad" we
Drop like windfalls from this Tree.
He's the Tid: of which we're waves;
He's the Fate of which we're slaves.
Captain of the Craft of life;
Aye, with savage waves at strife.
Smith, thou workman! Striker, strong
On toil's Anvil: thou'rt the song
Of the ages; Auld Lang Syne
Is his history—yours and mine.
Man! thou art incarnate well
In him of whom histories tell.
Smith saved by Love! And ah!
There thy font, Matoaca,
Hard by Appomattox lies;
Holds a mirror to our skies! (Pp. 111-12.)

Of English poetic volumes the best that has lately come to us is the blank-verse poem 'Tiresias,' by Thomas Woolner (London: George Bell). His clean-cut, sculpturesque muse is always agreeable, and 'Tiresias' has some touches as fine as those in 'Pygmalion,' though the poem as a whole has less of unity and sustained imagination. One thing in which the author shows the effect of his profession as sculptor is the sustained dignity with which he treats the nude. How remote is the following, for instance, from the way in which the "fleshly school" would deal with the same subject. He is speaking of the blindness of Tiresias, which came as a punishment for having seen Pallas Athena bathing:

Awe-smitten, kneeling in bewildered fear,
I felt the presence of a God.
Lo, high,
Leaning against an oak, Athena's spear
Pulsed fiercely, edge and point! The golden scales
That guard Her breast, a shimmering net of flame,
Lay with Her garment by the Gorgon shield,
Its visage turned in mercy toward the tree.
But how to tell of great Athena's Self,
When She, in overwhelming stately power,
With light inscrutable, before me shone!

Resplendent from the water, on the grass,
Within a shower of trembling sparkles She
Stood wringing out the river from Her hair.
Stretching Her hand to shake the drops away,
She showed the length, the strength, the rounded glow
Of beauty gleaming in Her mighty arm;
And hallowed, twin in glory, proudly rose
Her sacred bosom, lifted loftily.

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While living radiance round Her presence clung
And moved in faithful concord as She turned
And bent Her gaze on mine. O not in scorn,
Approval, nor surprise; but as a star,
Serene, remote, and unapproachable,
Beams upon water troubled in the wind.
And I in worship strove to penetrate
Deep in the brightness of those azure heavens,
But felt their lustre pierce into my brain,
And I myself in darkness; evermore
Closed from adventure in the world of men.
Since that dark hour, I say it not in pride,
I have not tasted life nor known regret. (Pp. 6-7.)

Another attractive English book, though bearing an American imprint, is 'The Lazy Minstrel,' by J. Ashby-Sterry (New York: Scribner & Welford). The author is one of that mob of gentlemen who write with ease their little *vers de société* in London; and one is tempted to grow tired of his endless procession of pretty maids in boats or on horseback, all with pouting lips and with those dainty feet so much more abundant in current English poetry than on the actual thoroughfares of the mother-land. But then his figures are no more monotonously pretty and no more thoroughly conventionalized than those of Du Maurier in *Punch*; and if we never grow tired of them in the pictures, why should we in the verses? So long as we do not go to London, there is nothing to convince us that the originals are not actually abundant. Another English book, on a theme now almost as familiar as pretty girls, is 'The Lyrics of Ind' (London: Trübner), by Dejen L. Roy, M.A., M.R.A.S., author of 'The Aryan Melodies.' The author's nominal object is "to harmonize English and Oriental poetry as they ought to be"; but he must have done this harmonizing in some way not very obvious, for his poems are on the surface either clearly English or distinctly Indian. The latter department is, moreover, represented by only two lyrics, not quite justifying the title of the book, and not nearly so good as the Indian poetry of Edwin Arnold, to whom this little book is inscribed.

Mr. A. Douglas Ainslie's new version of the old fable, 'Reynard the Fox' (London: Macmillan), is taken avowedly from the German of Goethe; and its excuse for being is the fact that no other English version is now in print. Meantime, Arnold's version, published in 1855, with Wolf's illustrations, has been revived for the present holiday season, and, being in the heroic or ten-syllable metre, is far more graphic and vigorous than that of Ainslie, which is in the ballad metre, like Newman's Homer. It is impossible to carry this measure through three hundred pages without its becoming utterly unreadable; and though the present translator has faithfully labored, he is unable to escape this doom. More graphic than either of these is a version in Hudibrastic metre, published anonymously—or reprinted—at Boston in 1865 by the now extinct house of De Vries, Ibarra & Co. This has the further merit, if it be one, of having preserved more of the coarseness of the original than Arnold or Ainslie has done; but it wholly reconstructs the books and chapters of the original, and transfers the scene to England. Mr. Ainslie, in his excellent preface, makes no reference to this translation, and it is now wholly out of print. It is a curious fact that an American translator—if American indeed he was—should be the first to transfer Reynard's tricks and whimsicalities to an English stage. Each nation, it would seem, finds the scene appropriate for these performances to be in some other nation.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—IV.

American Art. Illustrated by twenty-five plates, executed by the best American etchers and wood engravers, from paintings selected from public and private collections. With text by S. R. Koehler. Cassell & Co. Large 4to, pp. x, 58, besides the plates.

The Ebers Gallery: A Collection of Paintings illustrating the Romances of Georg Ebers, by the following artists: L. Alma-Tadema, W. A. Beer, W. Gentz, P. Grot-Johann, H. Kaulbach, Ferd. Keller, O. Knille, F. Simm, Laura Tadema, E. Teschendorff, P. Thumann. With descriptive letter-press. Photographic reproduction by Friedrich Bruckmann of Munich. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Folio, twenty full-page photographic prints, and as many leaves of text.

The Song of Songs (Revised Version). With twenty-six etchings by Edmond Hédouin and Émile Boilvin, from designs by Bida. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 4to, pp. 48.

Happy Hunting-Grounds: A Tribute to the Woods and Fields. By William Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated by the author. Harpers.

Grandmother's Garden. By Eben E. Rexford. Illustrated by Mary Cecilia Spaulding. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 4to. 1887.

A Christmas Carol in Prose: Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by J. M. Gaugengigl and T. V. Chominski. Boston: Cassino. Pp. 121, 4to.

Youth in Twelve Centuries. Poems by M. E. B. Drawings by F. Childe Hassam. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Small 4to, pp. 82. 1886.

If heliographic reproductions leave something to be desired, they have this advantage over reproductions by engraving, that they represent the original work of art with such drawbacks and omissions as can be allowed for. The 'Book of American Figure Painters,' noticed last week, has that advantage, at least, over the collection now before us—'American Art,' as these twenty-five engravings entitle themselves. There is no doubt a certain preference among the gift-buying public for etchings, and perhaps there is one for wood engravings also, over photographic reproductions of any sort. The public imagines that it gets two works of art in one, but it is too often true that it gets none—that is to say, not the original design of the painter or draughtsman, for that has lost its identity in passing through another mind; and not the independent thought of the engraver, for that has not been free—has perhaps been hampered by compulsory conformity to an original not to his own taste. That is when things are at their worst; but the best is that we have the engraver's design substituted for the painter's, and that we are studying an engraving. That is what engraving has always been—an art so strong and individual that it substitutes itself for the original which it pretends to render. Why not face the truth that, before photography, reproduction of sculpture and painting was unknown? As for architecture, it seems to be admitted and understood that it is only now that we can study architecture at home. Mr. Fergusson's unfortunate experience, building up a so-called *history* of the art upon a substructure of the study of plates in books, is not likely to have passed unnoticed. Etchings such as we see to-day in the shop windows—strong and in a sense faithful etchings of an apse, a spire, a portal—are of but little value to the lover of old buildings. For purposes of study, a twenty-cent photograph is worth a $5 print from an engraved plate. And for sculpture, too, perhaps, the public is waking up to a similar truth, only that, as the public does not care for sculpture, it has not its eyes open very wide as yet. In painting, it is true that the photograph changes systems of light and shade, though to a less extent than of old, and with a prospect of ultimately preserving "values"; while the engraver can translate color into black and white. Nevertheless it is a translation still, and who that loves poetical or other fine art will accept it in a translation? Even in a language which we only half understand we do better to struggle with the original; we shall get more satisfaction, and lose less of what is essential in the work of art, than by a translation's aid. Now photographic processes do this for us, that we are still reading in the original language, though the language of some paintings is hard to understand when read in this way. What we get is real, is the thing itself; we lose something, but much remains.

It is on this account that we regard 'American Art' as an important gallery of the works of Messrs. Swain Gifford, Thomas Moran, Smillie, Schoff, and other etchers, and of Messrs. Juengling, Teel, Miller, and other wood-engravers, rather than of any painters whatever. It is, indeed, interesting to have these memoranda of what arrangement and grouping there is in Mr. Homer's "Voices from the Cliff"; but with all respect for Mr. Smillie's very unusual gift for translation, it is not much of Mr. Homer that remains in the picture as here presented. And so on through the book. The etchings are very good, really a capital lot—every one of them of a certain independent character, and some really valuable; the woodcuts, too, are generally of a high class, and it is as a collection of etchings and woodcuts that we commend the book to purchasers. Mr. Koehler's preface shows that he was nervous about his title, but only because he feared it ought to read 'American Painting.' Really it should be 'American Engraving,' if it is to have so sweeping a name. Nor is the welcome fact that some of the etchings are by the painters themselves at all a discouragement to our theory of the book; for if there are any good etchers in the world—artists whose work will live after them—it is just the painter-etchers or *peintres-graveurs*, especially so called, who are so. Mr. Koehler's account of American painting in recent times, which runs through the whole volume, has no further reference to the engravings than that they are all probably named in the course of it. No explanation or analysis of the pictures is given—perhaps none has been needed.

The 'Ebers Gallery' is a large folio twenty inches high, the plates and leaves of letter-press mounted on guards, and the whole bound in half morocco—a solid book of most respectable aspect. The photographs themselves are rather over eight by eleven inches, and are generally clear and good. To each one there is a page of letter-press in very large type, consisting of an extract from the English translation of the novel from which the scene is taken. It is curious to see how complete a contrast there is between these two books—the 'American Art' and the 'Ebers Gallery,' with their simple, broad-margined pages, and not a line or spot by way of ornamental accessory—and the elaborately decorated books which have come from the American press this year. In fact, the German publication is very like the Goethe Galleries and Schiller Galleries of the past, not worse than the best of those, but not so very much better. A certain picturesque reality in the interior scene by Mr. Kaulbach, with its furniture and costume, as of the later sixteenth century; vigorous action in Mr. Alma-Tadema's picture of the discus-throwing; good faces and a prettily composed scene in Mr. Grot-Johann's picture of Tachot on the balcony; but generally, in preference to all others, the pictures of single figures in repose are what seem the most noteworthy. That want of reality which has always been so prominent a fault in modern German art, not atoned for by any especial dignity of design or by any great technical excellence; that unfortunate lack of interest which makes a great collection of German pictures so

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wearying—these are here in all their force, and few are the redeeming traits.

In the demand for attractive gift-books of a somewhat Biblical or quasi-religious character it is inevitable that the 'Song of Solomon' should be taken as a subject for illustration. But it must have been a puzzle to the artist how any religious character was to be given to the pictures. In these designs the veteran Bida offers simply a succession of single figures and groups of two in what may be called an idealized Bedouin costume. He has avoided perplexing questions as to the connection of King Solomon or Pharaoh's daughter with the poem, or as to the speaker of this or that passage, and has put his tranquil lovers into graceful attitudes like those of *tableaux-vivants*, which, indeed, the pictures strongly resemble.

There is only one fault to be found with 'Happy Hunting-Grounds,' that the pictures do not come where the text calls for them; but this is a real fault. It would seem to be a well-established law that illustrations to texts lose half their value when they are not pat to the occasion: one wants them to be there as he reads, and not around several corners and out of sight. But these are very delightful illustrations when you find them. Under their decorative appearance there is a vast deal of close observation and some of the best drawing of natural forms that is to be found. The difference between this and landscape-art of the usual sort is very marked. The landscape painter has it in hand to produce a work of art of which natural forms are the suggestions; to produce a composition the component units of which are studied from nature. But Mr. Gibson is primarily an observer and recorder of separate facts; his work is almost a botanist's for precision. Only a strong natural artistic gift could make such faithful bits of copying from nature so decorative. The text, as well as the illustrations, many of our readers have known in *Harper's Magazine*. "A Winter Walk," "A Witch Hazel Copse," and the like, are the names of the papers which make up the volume. "Backyard Studies" are the most novel, and, as offering boundless possibilities of enjoyment during "intramural æstivation," as Dr. Holmes would say, is our favorite.

'Grandmother's Garden' is an attempt at restoring the *culte* of the pinks and roses and daffodils of the old straight-walked gardens of the past. It is a thing to be done. The public would welcome a good book of the sort, we believe. As for the present attempt at it, the heliogravures (or whatever they are) are not very successful, nor does it seem as if the drawings, except perhaps that of pinks, had been very good to begin with. It is unfortunate that a poem about Grandmother, of which one stanza is given in each plate, should be so much a dirge, and so little a pleasant recalling of the flowers and the garden of long ago.

The 'Christmas Carol' is illustrated in an odd sort of way, by full-page drawings, of which hardly two are of the same character, size, or disposition on the page. They would be none the worse for that had they been strong and original; as they are, one is left wondering why the effects might not have been sought more naturally within a regular five-by-seven parallelogram. There is one vigorous nightmarish design, the Marley's Face which grew out of Scrooge's knocker. Otherwise there is little to care for. A clever bit is where Scrooge's figure comes black in silhouette against the pale gray robe of the ghost of Christmas Present, but that spirit, instead of jolly, is a cadaverous and woe-begone giant, and there are no accessories at all, while the idea of the figure in silhouette is repeated in other prints with less effect.

Finally—for this week at least—'Youth in Twelve Centuries' is a slight affair indeed as to its graphic side. There are twenty-four heads of youth of both sexes—two of Egyptians of 1500 B. C., two of Greeks, Romans, what not, down to New Englanders of 1813—but all feeble in expression and in drawing, and costumed just as it happens. The verses are by several degrees better, though it would be easy to find weaknesses in them, too. It is a trifling little book, and not even attractive in general appearance, except in being neatly printed and bound in simple gray cloth.

Among the minor holiday offerings, the booklets and calendars and Christmas cards, one little publication is almost a book, the one oddly entitled 'Seekers after the Light, from "Ben Hur,"' etched by F. M.' (Geo. R. Lockwood & Son). There are four little etchings, each printed in ink of a different color from the rest, showing desert scenes, and the three wise men with their three camels, but no appearance of train or attendants, thus half adopting, half ignoring the mediæval legend. Extracts from 'Ben Hur' are given on pages opposite the etchings. The whole is secured between pasteboard covers by means of a broad ribbon. The etchings are not unpleasing, and make a pretty little gift.

From the same publishers come a series of "Lockwood's Parchment Dainties"—little books of sixteen pages tied by ribbon into a decorated cover. One is entitled 'Christmas Festivities,' and contains Bob Crachit's Christmas Dinner from the 'Christmas Carol,' and an extract from Irving's 'Old Christmas.' Another, 'Glad Tidings,' contains a dozen hymns and sacred songs, some old, some not familiar to us and perhaps new. These two are advertised as "new this season." Others are: 'The Night before Christmas,' with Clement C. Moore's always popular poem and four other seasonable pieces of verse—'The Star of Bethlehem,' and 'Poems for Christmas and New Year.' Of the above we have only polite things to say. They are pretty to hang on trees and appropriate as little presents; but an ugly species of the same genus is exemplified by 'Holly Leaves' and 'Mistletoe Sprays.' These are also collections of verse, and pretty verse enough, but the booklet is cut out into the irregular shape given by the boundary-line of an ill-drawn and worse colored branch of leaves of one or the other plant named, which is to be seen on the cover.

The International News Company send us the Christmas numbers of three English illustrated weeklies, the *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic*, and the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, whose annual is called "Holly Leaves"; and there is also "Yule Tide: Cassell's Christmas Annual." The *Graphic* has the most brilliant number; it has every page, usually illustrated, printed in colors—sixteen pages of chromatic splendor—and the largest extra sheet ever seen, perhaps, for the picture itself is within a half-inch of two by three feet. More than this; some of the pictures are capital as *genre* bits, funny or semi-pathetic. Miss Mary L. Gow's two pictures of child-life in night-gowns are very pretty indeed; if there were nothing else of the kind in the number, they would be very noticeable. Mr. Arthur Batt's picture, "The Culprit," a terrier who has killed a pigeon and is terribly ashamed, is as good a picture of the sort as the Royal Academy gives us. "A Picture without Words," by Mr. E. K. Johnson, is humorous enough. The most pleasing as a picture in color is perhaps "The Twenty-fourth of December," by Miss Jessie Macgregor. Three short stories, one of them by Mr. David Christie Murray, fill the letter-press pages, but afford a theme for none of the illustrations. Of the *London News*, the great feature is its extra print, only half as large as the *Graphic's*, but taken from John Everett Millais's picture of "Little Miss Muffet." The body of the journal contains a long story by Bret Harte, and one of the large illustrations is taken from it. This and the other pictures are all in simple black and white. One two-page plate contains many small pictures of cats and kittens, illustrating "A Kitten's Christmas Party," by that English Lambert whose cat-pictures in a pretty book of this season will enchant many children by and by—we mean Mr. Louis Wain. "Yule Tide" contains a good little story by Mr. D. C. Murray, and four loose, full-page pictures, only one of which, "Family Secrets," by Mr. F. Dodd, seems to be of consequence. It is nearly filled with advertisements. "Holly Leaves" contains nothing worthy of note except "My Great-Grandfather's Ghost Story," which is an attempt at a *jeu d'esprit* of the Caldecott type, in little colored pictures accompanied by a continuous legend. It is vastly inferior to its prototypes in drawing and general comeliness, but funny enough, and that in a pleasant way.

Le Figaro Illustré is also before us, and is as elegant and dainty as it ought to be; its character being well expressed in what is for us the best thing it offers—"Cadeaux de Noël," a colored print after a painting by Éduard de Beaumont. This represents a crowd of girls in a sort of Watteau costume; their high-heeled *mules* have been left on the hearth-rug to catch their Christmas gifts; and one has found a necklace, and one another *joyau* or a *carton* of *colifichets;* but the luckiest has found in hers *un petit amour bien en vie*, a jovial Cupid, who seems to have slipped down the chimney and dashed, right foot first, into the slipper of the fortunate one. The article called "La Parisienne: Autrefois (1786), Hier (1846), Aujourd'hui (1886)," with three clever costume prints in color, is readable and instructive in a way.

There are Christmas cards to notice. Some from L. Prang & Co. are pretty. The silk-fringed ones are no doubt as charming as ever to those who seek for dainties. The satin-printed, cushion-like ornaments to stand up like an easel and encumber a boudoir table, and the rest of the graceful varieties, are in the publishers' previous and familiar state of high development and captivating glitter. We notice nothing new as to idea or scheme of decoration, and it is to be remarked that the Christmas motives were long ago used up, so that now we get pictures of young ladies in summer landscapes, and harvest scenes with "Black-eyed Susan" or other September flowers in the foreground, and we think that it is time to begin to give away the cards in May or August, or perhaps at Thanksgiving time. Of the colored pictures the simplest are the best, as is natural. A splendid golden-yellow Japanese Chysanthemum, scattering its ribbon-like petals over a card four inches wide, is a more charming object than a caricatured landscape. The prettiest of all is somewhat more elaborate—a tall stalk of thistle, upon which three gold-finches have alighted "to peck the tall plant's fleecy seeds." This is signed F. B. Another, perhaps the best of the more pretentious ones, the Twelve Months of the Year personified in twelve child-heads in a long and low panorama-like field, is signed with a cipher of H-L-B. or L-H-B. or L-B-H.; why are not these ciphers forbidden by law?

From Raphael Tuck & Sons come a host of comparatively low-priced cards, together with certain "Portfolios" or selections of views, as of Highland Lochs, and as of military groups; but all arranged with a fitting place for the giver's autograph, which will make them into Christmas cards. We like pretty well a large card with two groups of dogs and children on two sleds, coasting; and there are several with well-drawn orna-

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mental plants, spoiled by ugly table-cloths or other accessories. Of the various series of "Artistic Private Cards" for sending as New Year greetings, now that New Year calls are passing away into the forgotten, the set No. 17 pleases us the best, with pretty little landscapes in brown on corner panels.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—IV.

USEFUL information is not always interesting, and the expedient of stringing large beads of history or science upon a very slender thread of narrative is certainly hackneyed and often unsuccessful. But in 'All Among the Light-houses, or the Cruise of the *Goldenrod*' (D. Lothrop & Co.), by Mary Bradford Crowninshield, we find instruction of a novel sort, balanced by an almost equal amount of pleasant story-telling. Indeed, the information and the story go necessarily hand in hand. In all this history of a trip along the Maine Coast—the first light-house district—upon which cruise the Government Inspector takes a trio of fortunate children, there is not a page of dull reading, and much that is very bright and pleasing, aside from the good descriptions of many light-houses visited. 'Lights of the different orders and kinds—fixed white, flashing white, white with red flashes, and their variations—and fog-signals, the air trumpet at Manannas, whistle at Whitehead, and the fog-bell at Owl's Head, are well described. The young voyagers see the "setting" of a buoy so intelligently that the reader may understand the process almost as well as they do. The bell-buoy and whistling-buoy are also clearly explained. A buoy having been opportunely lost, a diver is called upon to go down in search of it, which he does, much to the interest and anxiety of the children, who watch every detail of his dress and equipment with eagerness. A little history and a touch of science here and there are brought in by the delightful Inspector, Uncle Tom; and a few entertaining stories are told by the mate, Mr. Guptil, who is much more a real character than the mere mouthpiece of facts, who is apt to figure in children's books. There is an amusing encounter with a small boy at Blanby's Island—the name of which is thus changed to save any possible sensitiveness on the part of the curious characters described. The absurd child upon the wharf with his freckled face, red hair standing up through an old hat like flame, and boots which came up under his arms, is well drawn, and reminds us of "Gem's" method of counting his birthdays, in 'One Summer,' when he says, early in July, that he shall have been on the island seven weeks "come the 10th of August." Adventures are not wanting to give zest to the pleasant trip, for the little heroine, Violet, loses herself in a fog upon Treachery Cliff, her cousin John gets caught at flood-tide upon a rock, from which he cannot reach the shore safely, and the *Goldenrod* picks up a sailor and a child floating on some boards from a wreck. There are thirty-two illustrations of light-houses, scenery in Mt. Desert, etc., which are rough, but spirited. The book will be very interesting both to boys and girls, especially those who have a romantic love for the sea and nautical matters; and those who have not, should certainly read it to increase their knowledge of these fascinating subjects.

'Chivalric Days,' by E. S. Brooks (Putnams), is a delightful book of stories drawn from different periods of history. The subjects range from the age of the Pyramids to the American Revolution. 'The Little Lord of the Manor,' introducing as boys Edward Livingston and DeWitt Clinton, is one of the most attractive of all. In the case of some of the other historical characters undue liberty has been taken. For example, 'The Gage of a Princess' introduces Constantine, as a youth, as being almost a Christian, and the reader would certainly infer that he early became an avowed Christian; but, as a matter of fact, his conversion was late, and perhaps never very genuine. In 'The Cloister of the Seven Gates' the fatal battle of Kosovo is represented as lost through the treachery of Stephen, son of King Lazarus of Servia; but the traitor was Vuk Brankovitch. As historical pictures the stories are in general very correct. Three of them have already appeared in *St. Nicholas*.

In 'The Last of the Peterkins, with Others of Their Kin' (Roberts Bros.) are collected some of Miss Hale's later chapters concerning these humorous creations of her fancy, but there is no repetition of any matter contained in 'The Peterkin Papers' recently issued by Ticknor & Co. The second part of the title is a misnomer, and the added stories are not very attractive. In this volume we have the Peterkins travelling in Europe, and now the absurd develops into such vast inanities that the final disappearance of the members of the family in various directions is a welcome relief to the exhausted reader, and perhaps a not inartistic conclusion.

An especially silly book is 'Madame Tabby's Establishment,' by "Kari" (Macmillan), and, not content with silliness, the author has superadded vulgarity.

Mary Cowden-Clarke has written for the special pleasure of American children an English story called 'Uncle, Peep, and I; a Child's Novel' (Roberts Bros.). In Bab and Peep are delineated two sturdy and excellent little people, who seem, however, some years older than they are represented to be. If "Uncle" and one or two of the other characters used less slang and less poor English, the book would be choicer, and more acceptable to parents or friends who think the present rage for realism might remit where children's reading is concerned. However, the tone is good, morally, and the author has successfully aimed to make clear the difference between gracious and rude manners, and between refined and coarse feeling.

Young girls will rejoice that Susan Coolidge now tells 'What Katy did Next' (Roberts Bros.). Katy goes to Europe, and is so fortunate as to enjoy the novelties and beauties which she sees, with ideal enthusiasm. Somehow, despite the familiarity of the ground, the story does not lack interest and freshness. No doubt the introduction of a young lieutenant helps it much. The episode of little Amy's illness paints very well the misery of nursing a dear one far from home and friends, and among strange surroundings. In a word, the book is bright, sensible, and entertaining, and will give much pleasure to the readers for whom it is intended.

'Four Winds Farm' (Macmillan) is one of Mrs. Molesworth's charming stories. Gratian is a little boy born and bred on the breezy moorland, in a spot where all the four winds meet. These call themselves his godmothers, and make him their protégé. He hears their voices in the chimney, sees visions of them on the moors, and they mingle strongly in the life of the poetic, dreamy boy. Refined thought and feeling and a very sweet tender-heartedness characterize the book throughout.

'The Christmas Country, and Other Tales' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is a pleasing collection of stories, mostly translated by Mary J. Safford. Three, however, are original with her. The greater part appear to have been taken from the German; Hauff's name appears twice. Several are tales of enchantment, and in these can be recognized the basic idea of many such stories. The two said to be Icelandic are familiar throughout or nearly so, one being essentially the same as 'Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Pari Banou,' to say nothing of other forms. Miss Safford's own stories are quite different from any of the others, and good in their way.

The combination of Bret Harte and Kate Greenaway in a juvenile venture succeeds, but it is a mechanical rather than a chemical mixture. Miss Greenaway's illustrations to 'The Queen of the Pirate Isle' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) are as conventional as ever, and keep at a safe distance from realism in all that pertains to Mr. Bret Harte's Californian and mining scenes and properties. She does not even soil the clothes of the four youngsters who have whizzed and tumbled down the perilous slide. In short, her function is almost purely decorative. The story itself is told with much art and delicate humor, in language (especially at the beginning) a good deal above the comprehension of small children. The small, level-headed heathen Chinee, who is not so overcome by the miners' mummery as not to recognize one Bob Johnson—"Me shabbee you! . . . . My fader washee washee for you. You no payee him. You owee him folty dolla!"—this young gentleman is a very agreeable addition to the stock characters of our nursery books. But who can say if he will not spoil the sale of the 'Queen of the Pirate Isle' on the Pacific Coast?

We must frankly confess that we have not read 'The Moon Maiden, and Other Stories,' by Jessy E. Greenwood (Macmillan). We did begin the title story, but wearied of its allegory, its apparent fertility and real barrenness of invention, and its cruel treatment of the heroine, related with inquisitorial particularity—an English trait, as we have observed. Thus, the Princess Filozelle "suddenly darted upon Carita, seized her by the shoulders, and shook her until Carita thought her head must fall off. The wicked Princess snatched a long gold pin from her hair, and stuck it into Carita's arm again and again, and finally she dragged Carita across the long room, knocking her against all the corners of the tables in their way," ending by throwing her into a den of wild monkeys, "who pounced upon poor Carita as if they meant to tear her to bits just to see what sort of bits she would make." This is not wholesome reading, and it is not redeemed by any unusual fancy.

From 'How? or Spare Hours Made Profitable for Boys and Girls,' by Kennedy Holbrook (Worthington Co.), much may be learned in the manufacture of toys, boats, cars, baskets, whirligigs, blowpipes, corn-stalk fiddles, compasses, birds, snakes, leather work, portraits, windmills, stencils, telescopes, circles, panoramas, etc., etc.; with information about divers art processes, including photography, about the keeping of aquaria, the arrangement of sea-mosses, the performance of conjurers' tricks and of certain physical experiments, and much else that we cannot enumerate. The instructions (even when aided by pictures and diagrams) are not always clear or sufficient, but enough remains to insure a long period of activity for curious children. In the section on repoussé work we must not omit to remark the glaring fallacy contained in these sentences:

"If you have friends who have made the voyage of the Nile, you have probably seen the beautiful silver bracelets bought by them of the Nubian workmen as souvenirs of their Eastern travels. These bracelets are made, I was told, by the natives of the interior, with simply a nail and a stone, but the effect is very artistic and pretty. *So, if ignorant Nubians can make these beautiful things with such primitive tools, certainly an intelligent American lad can do equally good work, with a little instruction and better materials.*"

It was an excellent idea of Edmund Alton, formerly a page in the United States Senate, to tell the story of his life as a page for the readers of the *St. Nicholas*, and publish it in book form for the benefit of "The Boys of America." The title

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of the book is 'Among the Law-makers' (Scribner), and it is handsomely printed, bound, and illustrated. It is written for boys, but most adults can read it with profit, for the rules and procedure of Congress are a deep mystery to the rest of the world. It contains a graphic picture of the actual administration of our Government, and the picture is made more complete by digressions, such as not merely illustrate in detail the work of Congress, but "also exhibit by practical examples the constitutional relations between the three departments of the General Govment." Some of the titles of chapters will give a good notion of the scope of the book: The Federal Executive, Secret Sessions, Counting the Electoral Vote, Close of a Congress, An Inauguration, The Federal Judiciary, A Vacant Chair, Into the Hurly-burly [the House of Representatives], Foreign Relations, An Impeachment Trial. It will be seen that there are very few phases of public life in Washington which are not described here with more or less fulness.

'Ronald Hallifax' (F. Warne & Co), by Arthur Lee Knight, is one of that large class of stories which depend entirely upon their incidents to interest the reader. The hero, a midshipman in the English Navy, drifts to sea in an open boat, is rescued and shipwrecked, robs a church in Teneriffe, fights with pirates in Trinidad, and finally, with the aid of two negroes, captures a pirate vessel and brings her safely into Rio. These are some of his adventures, which, crowding upon each other in quick succession, keep the blood at fever heat with excitement and leave the mind at the end wearied with the strain and unfitted to enjoy quieter and more wholesome reading. There is also a rather tame description of the fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, and an extraordinary account of an attack on an English frigate by the United States frigate *Chickahominy*, and the death of the American captain (a maniac though in command) on learning his mistake. The author's attempts at humor are frequently not in good taste and are nearly always depressing.

Of the same general character as the preceding is Commander Cameron's 'Harry Raymond' (F. Warne & Co.). A lad of twelve, accompanied by two negro servants, during a voyage from the West Indies to the Cape, is captured by pirates and taken into a Brazilian port as a page to the captain's wife. The three escape in a slaver bound for the Gaboon River, but here they are obliged by more pirates to take refuge among the Fans, a cannibal tribe living in the interior. Of this people, their manner of living, their fetish, and especially their poison test, a very graphic and strictly accurate description (so the author assures his readers), is given, thus keeping the book from being a purely sensational story. It is well told and full of life, but if the incidents connected with the pirate's wife had been omitted, we should have liked it better.

In marked contrast to the foregoing is 'The Golden Land' (Ward, Lock & Co.), by B. L. Farjeon. Here the incideats are few in number, but we gain, what is far better, a personal interest in the characters. For the heroes of those startling adventures we care nothing, being simply curious to know how they get out of their scrapes. But these children, whose love for their widowed father is so pure, we follow with the deepest concern from England across the ocean and through the bush, leaving them on the threshold of their Australian home with regret, but grateful to the author for his promise to tell more of them in their new life. Their conversation is natural and entertaining. The stories which their imaginative uncle tells are thoroughly delightful, while through the whole book runs a vein of delicate humor, mingled with pathetic touches, especially in the story of the little stowaway Mite's devotion to Eleanor, which gives it a peculiar charm. The book is exceedingly well illustrated.

Capt. Marryat's 'Settlers in Canada' (F. Warne & Co.), after delighting successive generations of boys for more than forty years, bids fair to do the same for as many years to come. We cannot remember in fiction any better description than this of the life of the early emigrants to the West. The scene of the story is laid on the northeastern shore of Lake Ontario, and we watch with great interest the progress of the settlers in building their log huts, in clearing and planting the land, as well as in their more exciting adventures with wild animals and Indians. The characters of the old hunter, Malachi Bone, and his pupil, the silent John, are especially well drawn. The illustrations, particularly those of the animals, are excellent.

There are two stories in 'Down the Mississippi' (Cassell & Co.), by E. S. Ellis. The one describes the adventures of a boy and girl, who, straying from an emigrant train, are lost on the Plains and captured by Indians, and narrowly escape perishing in a prairie fire, and being trampled to death by a herd of buffaloes. In the other, the children of this boy are carried away on the roof of their house by the great flood of 1882. The scenes and incidents of their life upon the river during their enforced voyage are very well described and are apparently true to life, while the children themselves display real heroism and unselfishness in their efforts to aid their companions in misfortune.

In Hezekiah Butterworth's 'A Zigzag Journey in the Sunny South' (Boston: Estes & Lauriat) a very slight and lifeless thread of narrative binds together the different historical and character sketches, and the book has the appearance of being produced mainly for the pictures, which are good enough. Some of the stories, for which the editor acknowledges his indebtedness to other writers, are very entertaining, but the historical portions are heavy. The general appearance of the volume is attractive.

'The Tale of Troy, done into English by Aubrey Stewart' (Macmillan), is one of those fascinating renderings of classic legends of which English scholars have given us so many. For the most part the story is derived from the 'Iliad,' and the language of the poet is followed very closely wherever possible. The beginning and the end, for which Homer gave no materials, are told by the author in language not unworthy to go with the rest, although the style is his, not Homer's. We think it a mistake to give so many proper names, after the fashion of the catalogue of the ships. It is Homeric, but not that feature of Homer's style which will please the modern boy. This small volume is beautifully printed.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE.

Reminiscences and Opinions of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. 1813–1885. London: Longmans & Co.; New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

In the course of these 'Reminiscences' Sir Francis Doyle records an anecdote of himself which is eminently self-revealing. The British in India were engaged in their first war against the drilled armies that Ranjit Sinh had left masters of the Punjab when he died. A despatch had been received from Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General, descriptive of the terrible battle of Ferozshah, and breaking off abruptly with the announcement that a new Sikh army had just appeared on the field, that the British army had no ammunition and were exhausted by fatigue. This new army consisted of 30,000 men, under the command of Sirdar Tej Sinh, and had their leader not yielded to the seductive influence of British rupees, it might have changed the destinies of India. But there was then no telegraph line between England and India, and weeks had to elapse before the issue of the perilous situation could be known. This period of suspense so wrought upon the imagination of Sir Francis Doyle as to rob him of peace during the day and sleep at night, and his friends began to fear lest the strain should be too great for his sanity.

This little story shows precisely the manner of man which Sir Francis Doyle is. He is a patriot of the antique type, identifying himself with his native country as a Roman of old did with the Eternal City, and, being such, it is almost needless to say that in politics he is a Conservative. But his Conservatism does not stop here. Sir Francis Doyle, a man of culture, of thought, and experience of men and affairs, calmly assures us that from 1828 down to the present time the Liberal legislation of Great Britain has been an unbroken series of mistakes. Great Britain, according to him, ought never to have relieved the Catholics from their political disabilities, ought never to have reformed Parliament or repealed the Corn Laws; and all that has happened since the carrying of these (so-called) reforms has justified the wisdom of those who opposed them. The argument on which he relies to support this extraordinary contention is not less extraordinary than the contention itself. It is that the bright hopes which animated those by whose efforts these reforms were effected, have not been realized. The world has not adopted free trade; religious bigotry has not disappeared; Lord John Russell was mistaken when he invested his Reform Bill with the attribute of finality. Therefore, in effect, argues Sir Francis, we ought to have stuck to protection, continued to persecute our Catholic countrymen, and permanently excluded the commerce and manufacture of Great Britain from representation in the House of Commons.

The "reminiscences" of Sir Francis are much pleasanter reading than his political "opinions." As might have been surmised from the martial enthusiasm which inspires the best of his poems, he is born of a race of soldiers. His father and his grandfather were officers who won distinction in many a hard-fought field. Very striking, indeed, are his reminiscences of the latter gentleman:

"To him it is owing that the revolutionary tune, 'Ça ira,' has remained to the 14th regiment since 1793 as their chosen quick march. At the battle of Famars, in that year, the French attacked so fiercely that his regiment wavered for a moment. The revolutionary fever, in truth, blazed forth as a new element in war, and everywhere the discipline learnt under average drill-sergeants was at a loss how to meet it. He, however, was not at a loss; for, dashing to the front, he called out in a loud voice, 'Come along, my lads; let's break these scoundrels to their own damned tune. Drummers, strike up "Ça ira!"' The effect was irresistible, and the enemy found themselves running away (it was an Irish exploit, and a bull is excusable) before they could look round. Again, at the siege of Valenciennes, a redoubt had to be stormed, and he was selected to storm it. He called his men together, and addressed them thus: 'My lads, the general in command has done us a great honor. We have been selected to perform an important, and, I will not disguise from you, a dangerous duty. We have to carry yonder redoubt, said to be mined underneath; we must carry it, therefore, in such a fashion that the enemy may not have time, as he retires, to blow us and it up altogether. I want a hundred of you to follow me there. Volunteers, ground your arms!' The whole regiment grounded them at once, as if by the action of a single will. 'Very good,' continued the Colonel; 'then I'll take the hundred next for duty.' And with that hundred next for duty the redoubt was so rapidly stormed that the enemy had no time to explode their mine."

It will be very long before the great wars of that revolutionary period lose their power over the imagination. As they recede into the past,

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it becomes increasingly difficult to realize the vast, the incalculable sum of suffering which they inflicted upon Europe; but all such periods of peril, excitement, and adventure call into activity characters of a stamp which possess an unceasing interest for their fellow-men. We all of us admire and like to hear of the man who has looked death in the face with a gay and dauntless eye; who has been, so to speak, at hand-grips with the common enemy of all, and emerged from the contact unscathed. Sir Francis Doyle has some capital stories about those exciting times, more especially about the war in Spain. Here is one which we do not remember to have seen before:

"I recollect hearing from my father an anecdote told him by the Duke himself in his own characteristic language, one day when he was dining at Apsley House. . . . 'After the Battle of Talavera,' he [the Duke] said, 'I wanted the Spanish force to make a movement, and called upon Cuesta to take the necessary steps, but he demurred. He said by way of answer: "For the honor of the Spanish crown I cannot attend to the direction of the British general, unless that British general go upon his knees and entreat me to follow his advice."' 'Now,' proceeded the Duke, 'I wanted the thing done, while as to going down upon my knees I did not care a twopenny damn, so down I plumped.'"

Twopence was a kind of conventional value which the Duke in conversation was in the habit of prefixing to his "damns," with a view, it is presumed, of lending them additional emphasis.

Here is another story of the same illustrious commander. Carlo Doyle, a relative of Sir Francis, and known as one of the handsomest men in the army, was on the staff of Lord Wellington, while another relative, Sir John Milley Doyle, had a half-independent Portuguese command:

"Sir John Milley Doyle . . . seemed to be pushing on his troops rather faster than Lord Wellington liked. 'Ride over, Doyle, to that damned Irish cousin of yours,' was the order given, 'and tell him to keep his men in hand for the present.' Doyle obeyed, and found the 'damned Irish cousin' cracking a huge hunting-whip to the tune of 'Hola, Señores! Forward, Señores! En avant, Señores!' and so on. On receiving the General's command he answered thus: 'Oh, very well! that must be as he chooses; but do you tell Lord Wellington from me, Carlo, that it is a very bad plan backing young horses just when you have got them to face a hill!' Carlo, I apprehend, was much too wide-awake to do anything of the kind!"

This anecdote suggests another subject which is very pleasantly touched upon in these 'Reminiscences.' No reader of Sir Francis Doyle's poems will need to be told that he is an enthusiastic lover of horses. His poem on the "Doncaster St. Leger" is not only a most spirited and exciting presentation of the incidents of a great race, but, so far as we know, it is unique of its kind in English literature. It shows how much of stirring poetry can be elicited from the most prosaic occurrences when there is a poet's eye present to discern it. As regards English racers, Sir Francis is not less stanch a praiser of past times than as regards English politics. The Doncaster St. Leger which he has described was run in 1827, and he is of opinion that "our present horses have been for many years gradually decreasing in point of stamina and endurance." It is characteristic of Sir Francis that he should attribute the opposite opinion to a decay of patriotism in those who hold it. "To them," he says, "the superiority of our English thoroughbreds as one of the elements of England's greatness is perfectly indifferent; to most of them the best horse is the horse that wins the most money—they have no other test."

The parts, however, of the 'Reminiscences' that will be most interesting to the present generation of readers are those which have Mr. Gladstone as their subject. At Eton and afterwards at Oxford Mr. Gladstone and Sir Francis were close friends. When Mr. Gladstone married, Sir Francis was his best man, and the latter recalls with pain and regret those happier times when Mr. Gladstone, still clothed and in his right mind, could express himself upon Scotch politicians as follows: "A Scotch Tory is worse than an English Whig; a Scotch Whig is worse than an English Radical; but a Scotch Radical is worse than the devil himself." Now that to the eyes of Mr. Gladstone the Scotch principle of evil has been transformed into an angel of light, the two friends have naturally drifted asunder, but Sir Francis tells us many pleasant anecdotes of their young days. Curious it is to note how, from his school days, Mr. Gladstone's chief pleasure lay in speech-making, in endless debates and discussions. Not content with the opportunities afforded to him by the regular debating society in existence at Eton, he and two or three friends formed a sort of interior debating club to get rid of their unexpended eloquence. Although these debates do not seem to have been attended by more than four or five boys, the forms of a regular debate were rigorously observed. They had their various ways of cheering the speakers—ironical, crushing, applausive, and so forth. It does not greatly surprise the reader, therefore, that upon one occasion a master, overhearing these strange and uncouth sounds, supposed the whole party to be drunk. He called upon Mr. Gladstone to render an explanation, listened to it with marked incredulity, and, says Sir Francis, the future Prime Minister narrowly escaped a flogging on the ground of having been intoxicated.

Sir Francis still recalls, as one of the finest speeches he ever heard, the oration against the Reform Bill of 1832 delivered by Mr. Gladstone when an undergraduate at Oxford. The fame of it went abroad, and the Duke of Newcastle, in consequence, returned the speaker to Parliament for his close borough of Newark. This early entrance to Parliament Sir Francis holds to have been a misfortune for Mr. Gladstone:

"But for this bigoted old duke, Mr. Gladstone, instead of becoming in his youth a Parliamentary orator and a statesman, would undoubtedly have been called to the bar. Had this event taken place, the untiring energy given by him to everything he takes in hand, coupled with his splendid talents, must have insured him a signal success. The probability is that he would not have entered the House till he entered it as Solicitor-General, in which case I venture to think that the lessons of life learnt, and the knowledge of human life acquired, by a barrister in large practice would not have been without value to him when he became, as no doubt in the end he would have become, a Cabinet Minister and leader of men."

That there is truth in this, few of Mr. Gladstone's admirers will care to deny. In one respect, in particular, he would have been a great gainer. The phases of political opinion through which Mr. Gladstone has passed are not, as a matter of fact, more varied than happens to most thinking men in their passage from boyhood to old age. His misfortune has been that, by his early admission to public life, his transformations have been, so to speak, stage performances. The world has assisted at what, in most cases, would have been a strictly private and personal affair.

Mexico of To-day. By Solomon Bulkley Griffin. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. 1886. Pp. 267.

THE frank disclaimer of Mr. Griffin's preface warns the reader not to take offence if the somewhat pretentious title of the book is not borne out by its contents. Recognizing, with the author, the limitations of his work, we yet find much in it to commend. If it has some of the vices, it has also many of the virtues, of newspaper correspondence. If the writer is betrayed into occasional hasty generalizations, if he sometimes forgets that he is not still in the editorial rooms of the Springfield *Republican*, and if he too frequently exhibits the worst faults of newspaper style, he is yet always alert and keenly observant; he is cosmopolitan enough not to be too much bewildered by foreign ways; he is gossipy without being garrulous, and his enthusiasm is not of the exclamatory sort. In the main, he reaches a high degree of accuracy, yet in several particulars he needs to be set right.

For a man who confesses his substantial ignorance of Spanish, Mr. Griffin uses a good deal of it—with the result to be expected. Besides the general disregard of the accent, we have noted the following misspelled words: Tobasco (p. 28), haciendado (p. 31), pronunciam(*i*)ento (p. 31), Gonzales (p. 32), Patriata (p. 118), picadore (p. 132), Signor (p. 138), Viñez (p. 144), Puresima (p. 169), Guanajuata (p. 190). The author seems disposed to take up a cudgel for the reputation of Prescott (p. 17), and says that he "is accepted as an authority by the Mexicans" (p. 19). Undoubtedly, except in the many particulars in which Mexican writers themselves have proved the American to be grossly inaccurate—for the most part, it is true, through lack of material adequate to his undertaking. Mr. Griffin appears to think that the laws against the freedom of the press, recently revived and enforced in Mexico, are not unduly oppressive (p. 32), and says, concerning the imprisonment of Señor Chavarri, that "his savage criticisms were of such a character that I doubt whether they would have been tolerated in the United States" (p. 116). But it is safe to say that the Springfield *Republican* was far more personal and "savage" in '72 and '76, in its attacks upon Gen. Grant and his Cabinet, than the *Monitor* has ever dared to be in its opposition to President Diaz. Indeed, from a newspaper man we might have expected a more adequate and intelligent account of Mexican journalism than is given us.

Not understanding the system of press subsidies and blackmailing, Mr. Griffin is at a loss to explain "the phenomenal way in which newspapers seem to flourish." We must leave him to settle with the *Diario Oficial* for the unaccountable mistake of calling *La República* "the organ of the Government" (p. 117). The political situation of Mexico is by no means clearly described. "The parties in Congress are the Liberal Opposition and the Government Liberals. The Church party does not appear as such" (p. 37). "The Opposition, which is variously called the Church, Clerical, or Conservative party" (p. 251). As things were when this book was written, the two statements quoted are simply contradictory; as things are now, both of them are inaccurate, as the last Congressional elections left no Opposition at all. We should perhaps so far qualify this as to admit that, even in the present Congress, there is an incipient Opposition, inasmuch as, a few weeks ago, quite a respectable minority voted against the Government's bill granting subsidies to the Spanish Transatlantic Transportation Company. The budget for '86-7 given on page 59 needs now to be corrected by the addition of nearly a million dollars included in deficiency bills already passed by the new Congress. It is a great mistake to suppose that the debts of Maximilian "burden the people of Mexico to day" (p. 241). They were long since expressly and justly repudiated. The assertion that "The Liberal Government did not molest the partisans of the Empire" (p. 244) will sound queerly to those Mexicans against whom decrees of confiscation and exile were directed for having accepted office under Maximilian. Mr. Griffin thinks that Mexico is "a city where one can be as well cared for as in Washington or Paris" (p. 76), but himself furnishes a part of the material for his refutation in alluding to the discomfort caused by the absence

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of any provision for fires (p. 89). Other particulars might be adduced to show the greatness of the exaggeration. A good example of generalizing from one instance is seen in the statement that "The soldiers do not keep step in marching, and present a most disorderly line to an eye trained to the exact movements of armed men" (p. 99). One might almost think that the writer had only seen the troops when breaking ranks after their morning inspection. Certainly he could not have seen the fine military displays of the national holidays, or the brilliant drilling on the parade-ground outside the city walls. We think it would puzzle Mr. Griffin to find the hundred miles of horse-car tracks with which, he says, "the city is netted" (p. 112). The fact is that there are no more than a hundred miles of rails to be found in the entire Federal District—some of the lines running out as far as twenty miles. It is probable that thirty miles would be a large figure to give for the extent of the tramways of the city proper. The publishers have made a thrifty use of their old plates, no less than eighteen out of the twenty-four illustrations of the book being reproductions from Mr. Bishop's 'Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces.' Most of these are so excellent and characteristic that they will bear repetition; some of the veterans, however, might well have been excused from further service.

Our Arctic Province Alaska and the Seal Islands. By Henry W. Elliott. xvi. 465 pp. 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886. Illustrated.

SINCE the placid navigation and magnificent scenery of southeastern Alaska have become more generally known; since a trip to Sitka and Glacier Bay has formed a regular item in the "tours" suggested by enterprising railway agents; and since some hundreds of tourists annually, for several years, have reported the wonders they have seen, books on Alaska have multiplied. Among those which have recently appeared none are larger, more fully illustrated, or more handsomely printed than the one before us. The author is well known among those interested in Alaskan affairs, as once assistant agent of the Government on the Seal Islands, subsequently a Commissioner to investigate the sealing operations of the Alaska Commercial Company, and latterly as a representative in Washington before Congressional committees of the aforesaid company. He possesses a facile pencil, and his book contains many characteristic and well-executed sketches of seal-life and landscape, which give, on the whole, a very good idea of those features in the Aleutian region.

Mr. Elliott's previous and rather copious contributions to Alaskan literature have excited much controversy, and been the subject of much criticism, good-natured or indignant, for alleged inaccuracies. These criticisms were perhaps in his mind when he announced in his preface "his determination to divest himself of all individuality," and to portray "clearly" and "truthfully" "the life and country of Alaska as it is." We hasten to say that we believe the attempt to have been honestly made, and to be as successful as could reasonably be expected of a person who for some fourteen years has propagated energetically a particular set of opinions in active controversy; we will even go further, and say that, for the Aleutian region and the Seal Islands, barring unintentional inaccuracies, the account given by the author is, for general reading, a very good one. The features of the country, the characteristics of the Aleuts, the fur-seals, sea-lions, and their associates, are well described and illustrated. In regard to the rest of the country, a great deal of information is given, but as most of this is untrodden ground to Mr. Elliott, his narrative is defective in those minutiæ which can only be accurately rendered through personal familiarity, and in that sympathy of treatment which grows out of thorough knowledge.

Having said so much in favor of the author's intentions and their outcome, we regret that it seems necessary to criticise certain very obvious defects. The writer's style is bad. The most turgid epithets follow one another in verbose confusion. The mouth of the Yukon is "its deltoid entrance" (p. 414) and "a most mournful and depressing prospect," and myriads of water fowl "resort to this desolation of the deltoid mouth," etc.; rotten wood suffers from "the slow hungering eremacausis of the Arctic" (p. 443); a paucity of seals results in "an inconsequential number" (p. 255). There is an excess of what may be called scientific slang, relating to departments not well understood by the author, who finds Melania and Cyclas in the fresh-water ponds of the Pribiloff Islands; describes carnivorous whelks and fresh-water snails (we take Limnaca to be a misprint for Limnæa, p. 215) as eating the salt kelp on the beaches; and groups Mya and Mytilus, the common clam and mussel, away from the Mollusca, after and among "Crustacea, Annelidæ (*sic*), and Echinodermata" (p. 213). His descriptions of the natives of Alaska, other than the Aleuts, are marked by the inaccuracies consequent upon imperfect knowledge and careless compilation, as in the statement that the natives "for the first ten or twelve years of their lives" "are semi-naked or wholly so, both male and female; this is their condition, then, at all seasons of the year" (p. 110). In fact, except at their daily bath-time (in southeastern Alaska), and during certain religious ceremonies, or extremely severe exercise, the young natives of Alaska, able to walk, are as generally clothed as the children of the poorer classes in New York city, and the nakedness of a boy or girl of twelve in public would excite as much comment there as here. They are often poorly clothed from poverty, but not from choice or custom. Proper and geographical names are very generally inaccurately spelled. The maps of the Seal Islands are given as they resulted from the imperfect tape-line-and-pocket-compass survey made by Mr. Elliott, but it is ten years since the general outlines were corrected and mapped by the Coast Survey. The general map of Alaska is dated 1886, but we find no trace on it of Ray's discoveries near Point Barrow, in 1882-3; of Cantwell on the Kuak and Selawik in 1884; of Schwatka on the Upper Yukon in 1883; or even of the Western Union Telegraph survey of the Tahko or Hotalinga, between Tahko Lake and the Stikine River, made in 1867-9, and published in 1869. To complete our fault-finding, this large and handsome volume, crammed with unsystematized information, has a very imperfect index.

Confessions and Criticisms. By Julian Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE is perhaps least objectionable when he is interviewing himself. 'Confessions' is a title of eminent literary respectability, and yet with a shade of humility in it which makes one instinctively look about for some garment of charity to cover the host of sins which are presumably near exposure; but in the present case there is no occasion for the reader to lay aside his customary hardness of heart at once. Nothing more terrible is in prospect for him at first than those confidences respecting one's professional career, be it poetry or sports, which have recently been "developed" by magazine enterprise and syndicate journalism. In the 'Criticisms,' however, there are disclosures of more consequence than this gossip about one's private business affairs, because what a novelist thinks about his art may have some intellectual interest. Mr. Hawthorne, in writing on the subject of fiction in general, with illustrations from leading adepts, unbosoms himself of many things besides his æsthetic principles; or, it may better be said that, being an idealist, he is obliged to concern himself with larger matters in unfolding his views upon novel-making. In fact, he starts with a confession of faith. Man, he says, is born into evil which he did not contract, but which is inevitable: this appertains not to men individually, but to human nature, "the impersonal substratum of us all"; and "the divinely beneficent purpose in creation" is "a gradual and progressive Purification, not of this or that particular individual in contradistinction to his fellows, but of human nature as an entirety." This redemption is not carried on "piecemeal," nor has it any aid from mankind; but it is being brought about by "the gradual descent into human nature (figured in Scripture under the symbol of the Incarnation)" of the Infinite One. This is clearly a late rendering of Original Sin, the Christ, and Salvation by Grace. "We find, therefore," he concludes, with a delicious suppression of all intervening logic, "that Art is essentially the imaginative expression of a divine life in man."

How the agnostic or the realistic schools will fare at the hands of a critic who bases his ideas of novel-writing on these profundities, may be more easily imagined than set forth. His attitude is not of severe condemnation; rather it is one of amused tolerance of wrong-headed and sterile pottering with life. In another portion of the volume he confides to the public his metaphysics. The same conceptions generate them. Nature has its order, he says, because it is conditioned in our impersonal human nature, "in which is transacted the miracle of God's incarnation, and through which He for ever shines"; and he goes on to state that matter, inasmuch as creative energy passes from the world of causes to that of effects, is "the negative of God." We will not follow him further in this exposition. We have gone so far only to indicate that he has, indeed, laid his mind bare. The sum of the matter seems to be that a system of thought, curiously compounded of mental abstractions and moral energies, has laid hold of him; and he endeavors to bring all things into relation with it, including fiction. In other words, his theory of art does not appear to be the result of his study of it, but derived from other sources; he is mystic first and novelist afterwards. It is futile to discuss his view as a matter of literary art, because the only common ground on which æsthetic disputes can be profitably conducted is the works of imagination, not of theology even plus Nathaniel Hawthorne. As matters of speculative thought one would not dismiss these opinions so abruptly, but as they are not original with Mr. Hawthorne, who can claim as his only the attempted application of them to the composition of novels, there is no call to examine them now.

An interest more near to the public lies in the glowing patriotism into which he is kindled by the word America. He has great hopes of his country. He affirms that "in settled method, in guiding tradition, in training and associations both personal and inherited, the average English novelist is better circumstanced than the American"; but for all that the best novels, he concedes, are written here. He glories in the fact, and is prepared to glory more and more as the years go on. It is true, he thinks our fiction must be episodical, because our life is a life of experiments, of pioneering, of prevailing change in status, fortune, and circumstances all along the line. It is less in our fiction specifically, however, than

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in our general future that he plants faith. It is America that he celebrates, not Bret Harte; in setting down his views of Emerson, he qualifies his estimate of him by adding "as an American," and in demolishing Mr. Mallock he fairly revels in the latter's ignorance of what democracy and its shibboleths mean. This, in a man who has lived a considerable time abroad, is worth notice by those who think that to breathe foreign climes unfits a man for this air. Mr. Julian Hawthorne confesses, with a blare of trumpets (for one cannot otherwise express his abandon), that he is an American; let the world take note. He confesses, also, the vital principles of his intellectual life, his æsthetic, religious, and philosophical creed. His criticisms, in themselves, are a slight matter, though there are brilliant and incisive remarks sown through them; and it must be said that when the atmosphere is as heavy with materialism as it is to-day, one need not inquire too subtly into the dogmas of one who at least preaches the practice of idealism in literature. But in the confessions, if any one has been wondering what manner of man Mr. Julian Hawthorne is, his intellect may be observed at leisure.

The Story of Hungary. By Arminius Vámbéry, Professor at the University of Buda-Pesth. "The Story of the Nations" series.] G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

A FEW years hence Hungary is to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of its existence as the "Land of the Magyars" (*Magyarország*). What lies beyond the close of the ninth century in the recollections of the nation, or is written about its early migrations in Byzantine and other histories, is very shadowy, and mostly legendary. On the other hand, the thousand years which have elapsed since the Magyars, under their seven tribal chiefs and the lead of Álmos and Árpád, approached and crossed the Carpathians, present one connected and authentic national record, remarkable for almost epic unity. The Magyars, a small but bold nation, separated from their kindred on the Volga and elsewhere, wedged themselves in between Slavs, Germans, and Wallachs, occupying the fertile basin of the Danube and Theiss, and pressing back the more or less subdued natives towards and beyond the mountain ridges which encircle that basin, without, however, possessing strength enough to absorb the hostile elements and amalgamate them into one powerful, homogeneous body. In this position the Magyars have remained to this day—rulers of a vast territory, the periphery of which is held by tribes and fragments of tribes reluctant to give up their own national characteristics, and some aspiring to independence. The Magyars have always held their own, but have almost constantly been forced to fight, or be ready to fight, for their existence as a nation.

The invasion of the Mongol Tartars in the middle of the thirteenth century nearly crushed the people, but the tide of invasion soon rolled across the border, and the country revived. Under various national and foreign dynasties, the Hungarians had their wars with the Byzantines, Germans, Bohemians, Turks, and others, and generally came out victorious, until, shortly after their grandest period (under Matthias Corvinus), they succumbed in 1526 to the Ottoman Power, when this was at its greatest height. The nation then sought protection under the Hapsburg sceptre, and the fight for life against the Turks went on for one hundred and sixty years within the borders of the land. All this while, the Hungarian Constitution, which is almost as old as the nation itself, was defended as vigorously as the national soil. When, with German help, the Turks had been driven from Hungary, the Hapsburg dynasty's encroachments upon law and liberty, and especially upon the rights of the Protestants, provoked the powerful insurrection under Rákóczy, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The insurrection failed of achieving independence, but constitutional freedom was saved. And similar was the issue of the grand struggle under the lead of Kossuth in our day, though for ten years after the surrender at Világos Hungary's freedom seemed to be extinct. The nation's fidelity to its own cause saved its life, autonomy, and freedom, and made it the leading half of what is now Austria-Hungary. But new dangers are looming up on the horizon, and a new fight for life—this time with Russia and its Slavic followers—is again imminent.

The story of these struggles is plainly and vividly told by Prof. Vámbéry, though not with sufficient regard for historical symmetry—that is, for the relative importance of events and developments. Like all the books of the series, as far as known to us, this work is a "story"—not a history in the stricter sense—and as such it will hardly have its equal in interest for youthful readers (nor for them alone) in the entire collection. The history of Hungary, and especially of the Turkish periods, is known to very few English readers, and it is full of varied and thrilling events, which together, as we have hinted above, form a most interesting historical whole. Told with patriotic fervor, with a greater desire to awaken sympathy than to satisfy critical inquirers into the past, and in a language both animated and nationally flavored, it cannot fail to please and instruct.

The Sháh Námeh of the Persian Poet Firdausi Translated and abridged in prose and in verse by James Atkinson, Esq. Edited by Rev. J. A. Atkinson, M.A. Frederick Warne & Co. 1886.

IN adding Atkinson's abridged version of the 'Sháh Námeh' to their collection, the publishers probably remembered that the first edition of 1832 was printed by the Oriental Translation Fund, and judged worthy of the royal gold medal. These honors went by right to the first attempt to lay before the English public the treasures of heroic lore locked in the manuscripts of Firdusi's poem. That a mere abridgment should have the further honor of a reprint is somewhat surprising, but not more so than the fact that, after fifty years of inroads into all the fields of Eastern literature, it stands, in its scantiness, unsurpassed as a representative, in English, of Persia's great epic. The poet's exuberant vein itself was at fault, however; the Oriental number of sixty thousand distichs behind which he intrenched his fame, no doubt added to his glory in a country and time of regal munificence and dreamy leisure, but finds no favor with modern publishers. The only verse-for-verse translation ever carried out was made by order and with the help of the French Government; and Mohl, the editor, after forty years of untiring labor, died before the completion of the seventh and last volume. Mohl's 'Livre des Rois' included, however, the original text as well as the French version in prose.

Atkinson's work was of a more expeditious character: he adopted a system of reduction throughout, which has the advantage of compactness, while it permits an unbroken narrative and brings out the general outline. Fewer sections of the poem, treated with completeness and something akin to the graceful swing of the original, would certainly give a more adequate idea of Firdusi's exquisite art, yet the abridgment is by no means wanting in interest: the poet adorned his figures with so lavish a hand, and made them so much greater than nature, that even half-stripped and foreshortened they loom up in epic size and beauty. Moreover, the most striking passages are rendered in verse, and the famous episode of Rustem and Sohrab, translated with more breadth and coloring, is appended. A better interpretation of Firdusi's "time-destroying" verses remains to be hoped for; until it comes, this work may fill the void. Its only competitor in our tongue is Miss Zimmern's 'Epic of Kings' (Henry Holt & Co., 1883), in which essentially the same matter is sifted from the French of Mohl for a younger, or at least more general, public.

Barring a marked improvement in the typographical features, the new edition is simply a reprint. The notes might have been increased to keep pace with Oriental studies; they consist, now as before, chiefly of the classical quotations dear to a past generation, and have but little relevancy. If filial respect precluded critical severity on the part of the editor, it ought not to have stood in the way of improvement. On one point, especially, editorial reserve should have been broken. Mohl, an authority in Persian bibliography, asserted years ago that Atkinson's work is not translated from Firdusi's text, but from a Persian abridgment due to a native scholar of the seventeenth century. This charge does not necessarily imply that Atkinson was unacquainted with, and made no use of, the original text, nor, if it did, would it impair the value of his book for readers; at the same time it suggests an indebtedness to the native abridger which the editor owed it to his father's memory, no less than to the public, either to disprove or to acknowledge.

A Plain Man's Talk on the Labor Question. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D. Harper & Brothers. 1886.

TO condescend gracefully, and at the same time to be honest, is one of the most difficult of all feats, and this is one of the most difficult of all countries in which to accomplish it. Whatever democratic virtues we may have developed, we have very nearly lost the aristocratic virtue of deference. If any man proposes to impart of his political wisdom to his fellow-citizens, he must needs begin by making them feel that they know more than he does about the matter, or they will have none of him, no matter how obvious his superiority. Moreover, at the present time the relations between masters and workmen are such that the latter are not disposed to listen to any instruction that seems to originate from the former. When people are determined to have their own way, the only teaching that is effective is that of experience, and we very much doubt if any one who maintains that the present order of things is the best for the laboring classes, can now get a hearing from them.

Prof. Newcomb feels the difficulty of the situation, and seeks to overcome it by assuming the disguise of "a plain, blunt man," who does not claim to be an authority or to maintain a theory, but only to speak right on and tell the people that which they themselves do know. But the mask is a transparent one, and the wearer is of too frank and positive a nature to charm very wisely. He is so thoroughly convinced of the futility of the schemes for reconstituting the world, that he almost conveys the impression that he sees nothing very bad in the present order. This optimistic bias prevents him from appreciating the attitude of the labor reformers. He goes too far in laying it down as a mathematical absurdity that a man should produce as much with eight hours' labor as with ten. He does not allow for the military advantage, so to speak, that strikes have gained for laborers. Nor does he consider that an increase of wages, even though it involve

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a diminution of profits, may result in an increase of capital, provided workmen save their wages, and employers cut down their expenditure for luxuries. His account of the benefits conferred upon mankind by the late Commodore Vanderbilt is quite one-sided, and his picture of a bricklayer's home is more grotesque than impressive.

The real force of Prof. Newcomb's essay—for it has great force—lies in its emphasis of the truth established so conclusively by Mr. Giffen, that in the vast increase of wealth during this century the gain of labor has been proportionally greater than that of capital. Impressive, too, is his description of the wonderful efficiency of the present industrial organization. His suggestions as to the enormous mischief that might be wrought by meddling with this complicated mechanism, are such as to commend themselves to the wayfaring man as well as the philosopher, and deserve the consideration of all who have pet schemes for reconstituting society.

Recollections of Eminent Men. With Other Papers. By Edwin Percy Whipple. With Introduction by Rev. C. A. Bartol, D.D. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

THIS posthumous volume is a collection of Mr. Whipple's later writings, at a time of life when his mind naturally turned back to his association with men whose renown made their earlier days memorable, and whose death had removed the seal from the lips of their friends. Choate, Agassiz, Emerson, Motley, and Sumner are the five who are selected for commemoration; and to these personal sketches five reviews are added, on Ticknor, Arnold, Barry Cornwall, 'Daniel Deronda,' and George Eliot's Life, which complete a somewhat bulky volume. It cannot be said that the biographical papers add very much to our knowledge of the men, even in the way of anecdote; they succeed, nevertheless, in placing the personality of each before us with remarkable life-likeness. Choate, in particular, who is a picturesque character, and besides was a hero to Whipple, is painted with great vigor; and as the recollection of him is already a fading memory, the subject has greater freshness than is the case with the others. The scene of all is, of course, laid in Boston; and, taken together, the five essays give an impression of the Boston of this group which is historically valuable. The sketches of Sumner's office, with the newly returned occupant dilating upon the personages he had met abroad, and shining with their reflected importance, or on the morning after his Fourth-of-July address, when the clans hostile and friendly descended on the inopportune advocate of peace, are excellent interior views. So, too, is the incident of Agassiz's emotion at Longfellow's poem read at the dinner given by the Saturday Club on his fiftieth birthday, and the episode from the sitting of the same Club when, as the three were arguing at once "with a velocity of tongue which fully matched their velocity of thought," Mr. Whipple calculated that "in swiftness of utterance Motley was two-sixteenths of a second ahead of Holmes, and nine-sixteenths of a second ahead of Lowell." Emerson is, of course, the source of some happy remarks and one or two characteristic incidents; a moonlight ride, and a speech at Cambridge, when he had his first, and perhaps only, experience of being hissed, being the best. Of Motley little is said that Dr. Holmes had not already made public. Mr. Whipple was not very close to these men, and consequently he does not have it in his power to write of them with either the novelty or the charm that springs from intimacy. Choate is delineated with literary art, and the portrait is rich in details. Sumner certainly gains in our toleration of his less amiable qualities by the way in which his vainglory and lack of humor are spoken of. But these reminiscences are more valuable for their general local color than for specific fact; they are the scenes from the life of a Bostonian of their days.

In the critical portion of the volume Mr. Whipple exhibits his usual tenacity of mental grasp and hardness of head. He is, in these papers, more the reviewer than the critic, and much of his space is occupied in spreading on his own page the contents of the work he has been reading. He does not eliminate himself, however, but makes his personality strongly felt. It is not that he has unconquerable prejudices or insuppressible views, for he certainly is not intellectually aggressive; he was more positive in character than in mind, so that one discerns in him the New Englander rather than the thinker. And thus it happens that in the essay on George Ticknor the figure of that pattern of respectability, which loses nothing in dryness, chill, and social Brahminism in the clear medium of Whipple's style, is no more sharply cut to an observant reader than is the figure of his shrewd and not too friendly critic, bringing his Yankee horse-sense to bear on the man and his "goings on," and coming to a tolerably just reckoning of the matter at the time. The presence of the same ingrained democracy is felt in the only purely critical essay of the collection, the one in which Mr. Whipple gives judgment on Matthew Arnold. This is full of keen sentences, solid as well as sharp, and delivered with that slowness and impartiality which mark the New Englander when he is summing up the character of a neighbor. Mr. Arnold, he says, reverses the ordinary ways of men—"when he is out of spirits he sings; when he feels himself a being superior to his contemporaries, he criticises"; and he continues with merciless persistence in a vein which brings out all that quality of the brilliant essayist which is offensive to the American. Whipple does not really add anything to our knowledge of Arnold, nor in general is his criticism of the sort that enlightens. He was gifted primarily with a sense of style rather than a talent for thinking. It is noticeable how very frequently his attention is directed to formal style—not the moulding of the thought but the construction of sentences—throughout this volume, and also how sensible he was of the value of tone and inflection to the public speaker as a kind of vocal style superadded to the rhetorical, and enlarging the means of expression. He is more interested, it seems, in how the thought is conveyed by voice and words than in the thought itself.

This is the mark of a stylist, and such Whipple was. He had a hard, clear head, good observing powers, and wit; he said many a sharp thing. In this last collection he appears in his old vigor, and writes with the same inelastic, unimaginative, but close-gripped style. He belongs to the same literary *stirps* as Dr. Holmes and others of the highly individualized New England group, who all had at bottom the old Yankee character; and as his reminiscences revive the Boston of a quarter century ago, he himself in his criticisms stands out as a typical provincial Bostonian when Macaulay's star was in the zenith and the word "reviewer" was still dignified by a capital letter.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Wilful Young Woman: A Novel. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 20 cents.
Biart, L. The Aztecs; their History, Manners, and Customs. Authorized translation by J. Garner. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50.
Bouchot, Henri. Le Livre. Christern.
Boynton, Julian P. Lines and Interlines. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Burt, Mary E. Browning's Women. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.00.
Cameron, Commander V. L. Harry Raymond: his Adventures among Pirates, Slavers, and Cannibals. Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co. $2.00.
Carpenter, H. B. Liber Amoris; being the Book of Love of Brother Aurelius. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Dickens, C. The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. Jubilee Edition. Edited by Charles Dickens the Younger. In 2 vols. Illustrated. Macmillan & Co. $5.00.
Dupuy, Ernest. Victor Hugo, l'homme et le poète. Boston: Schoenhof.
Ebers, Prof. G. Die Nilbraut. 3 vols. B. Westermann & Co.
Francillon, R. E. Golden Bells: A Peal in Seven Changes. Harper's Handy Series. 25 cents.
Frommell, Dr. E. Heinerle von Lindelbronn. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. $1.00.
Gibson, W. H. Happy Hunting-Grounds: A Tribute to the Woods and Fields. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers.
Gill, W. I. Philosophical Realism. Boston: *Index* Association.
Gottheil, Dr. G. Hymns and Anthems Adapted for Jewish Worship. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.
Griswold, Hattie Tyng. Home Life of Great Authors. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Hall, H. Society in the Elizabethan Age. Illustrated. London: Swann Sonnenschein; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50.
Hamilton, H. The Poet's Praise. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Hieritz, G. Betty's Decision. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. 60 cents.
Hoffman, F. Alli; or, Blessed are the Merciful. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. 75 cents.
Holbrook, K. How? or Spare Hours Made Profitable for Boys and Girls. Illustrated. Worthington Co.
Howells, W. D. The Minister's Charge; or, the Apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Hyde, T. A. and W. A Natural System of Elocution and Oratory, founded on Analysis of the Human Constitution. Illustrated. Fowler & Wells Co. $2.00.
Kirby, Mrs. Georgiana B. Years of Experience: An Autobiographical Narrative. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Knox-Heath, Mrs. N. L. Elementary Lessons in English. Part II. The Parts of Speech and How to Use Them. Boston: Ginn & Co. 70 cents.
Lane-Poole, S. The Story of the Moors in Spain. With the collaboration of Arthur Gilman. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Lang, A. In the Wrong Paradise, and Other Stories. Harper & Brothers.
Le Pain, A. La Linguistique vulgarisée: Étude sur l'origine et l'unification du langage. Paris; E. Leroux.
Mauthner, F. Credo: Gesammelte Aufsätze. B. Westermann & Co.
Mermeix. La France socialiste. Boston: Schoenhof.
Metropolitan Directory of Selected Names arranged by Streets and Suburban Towns within a Radius of 25 miles of New York City. For 1887. Trow City Directory Co.
Monteiro, Marianna. Legends and Popular Tales of the Basque People. Illustrated. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $3.75.
Patmore, C. Poems. Second collective edition. 2 vols. London: George Bell & Son.
Pott, Prof. A. F. Allgemeine Sprachwissenschaft und Carl Abels Ægyptische Studien. Leipzig: W. Friedrich.
Prohl, H. Tannenwiese; or, a Happy Home. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. 90 cents.
Reid, Capt. M. The Land of Fire: A Tale of Adventure. Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co. $1.50.
Rexford, E. E. Grandmother's Garden. Illustrated by Mary Cecilia Spaulding. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $3.00.
Ross, C. The Silent Workman: A Story. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.
Sanders, D. Deutsches Stil-Musterbuch, mit Erläuterungen und Anmerkungen. Berlin: H. W. Müller.
Sanders, D. Fürs deutsche Haus: Blüthenlese aus der Bibel, etc. Berlin: S. Rosenbaum.
Schmidt, E. Charakteristiken. Berlin: Weidmann.
Snider, D. J. Goethe's Faust. First and Second Parts. A Commentary on the Literary Bibles of the Occident. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $3.50.
Stephen, L. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. viii Burton-Cantwell. Macmillan & Co. $3 25.
Stickney—Peabody. Occupation, Recreation, and Instruction for the First Weeks at School. Boston: Ginn & Co. 14 cents.
Stinde, J. Frau Wilhelmine (der Familie Buchholz letzter Theil). B. Western ann & Co.
Symonds, J. A. Sir Philip Sidney. Harper & Brothers.
Talks with Socrates about Life. Translations from the 'Gorgias' and the 'Republic' of Plato. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.
Tiedman, Prof. C. G. A Treatise on the Limitations of Police Power in the United States. St. Louis: The F. H. Thomas Law Book Co.
Warner, C. D. Their Pilgrimage. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. Harper & Brothers.

Fine Arts.

AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

THE exhibition now open at the galleries of the American Art Association is unusually good for an autumn exhibition, and its excellence is particularly worthy of remark from the fact that only 20 out of 170 artist contributors reside abroad. An autumn exhibition composed in great part of pictures by American artists abroad, sent here after being shown at the Salon in the spring—such a one as was the inaugural exhibition at these galleries in the autumn of 1884—would be reasonably certain to be of a high average quality, but the present exhibition has no such important nucleus, and is made up almost entirely of pictures by painters now residing in the United States. Considering the weakness of the fall exhibition at the Academy this year, this fact becomes still more remarkable. It indicates that the best work, especially that of the younger artists, has been sent to the Association. The reason why is not far to seek. Young artists

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have been coming from Europe and establishing themselves in New York for the past seven or eight years. Every year they come in increasing numbers. They paint well, as a rule, and naturally wish to exhibit. Now the accommodations of the Academy are limited. The Academicians and Associates, by a right of previous possession that cannot in justice, from their point of view, be denied them, must be looked out for first, and their pictures must be hung where they can be properly seen. When this is done and good places also are given to a number of artists who do not belong to the Academy, but do hold a good position in American art by reason of long residence and recognized ability, the space left for the new-comers is small, and what there is of it is by no means desirable.

The Society of American Artists was expected to supply the vigorous young school with a fitting place to exhibit, but it has not of late years been able, from a variety of causes, principally on account of the lack of suitable galleries, to hold what might be called a successful exhibition; successful, that is, in a popular sense. The last exhibition of the Society was held at the Metropolitan Museum. It was highly creditable, but obtained only a *succès d'estime*. The American Art Association therefore, with a central location and spacious galleries at its disposal, has had the good luck to get the bulk of the pictures painted by these younger artists for its regular exhibitions, and that, too, in the face of the fact that it is managed by laymen, and that the names of the members of its Jury of Admission and Hanging Committee, whether composed of laymen or artists or both, are not made public. Besides this source of supply, most of the well-established artists not held in exclusive allegiance to the Academy send pictures there also, and it has always been sure of a good quota of contributions from American painters in Europe, with whom the Association seems to be in high good favor.

The exhibition this season, as already stated, is of unusually good quality. Mr. Herbert Denman, an arrival of only this year, is the painter of one of the most important pictures in the galleries. "The Trio" was exhibited at the Salon of 1886, and the artist was rewarded by the jury with an honorable mention. It is a large canvas with three life-size figures. The subject is simple—three young ladies in a room playing, or about to play, on a harp, violoncello, and violin, respectively. The figure on the right with the harp has a red dress, the figure on the left with the violoncello a pink one, and the violinist seen between them in the back part of the picture is clad in a robe of dark, dull red. The color scheme of the picture is red throughout, running from the pink of the dress of one of the young women down to the dark reddish tones of the walls, with the brilliant scarlet of a folding screen introduced as a telling note in the middle of the picture. There is a little blue in the stripes of a sofa cover which is sufficient to catch the eye a moment and refresh it—no more. The painting of the heads and hands in this picture is decidedly clever, but a trifle flimsy. The violinist's head in the background is the most solid of the three, although it is entirely in the shadow. The others are well drawn and neatly modelled, but there is a slight feeling of emptiness and transparency about them. The stuffs are simply painted and very good in texture. "Mandolinata," by the same painter, is a pretty young girl with a small mandolin in her hands. The figure is life-size and is clad in white. The flimsiness or lack of solidity slightly noticeable in parts of "The Trio" appears in this picture in a more marked degree. The figure is so flat as almost to be taken for a piece of wall decoration, but it is well drawn and charming in color. It is a study in white, as "The Trio" is in red. "Courtyard in Venice," a delicate little picture with a single figure of a young girl at a well, cleverly drawn again, and simply painted, is the third of Mr. Denman's contributions.

Chas. S. Parker, like Mr. Denman a new-comer, is represented by a large picture, "The Cooper." The life-size figure of an old man at work in his shop in the midst of his staves and hoops, and with a nearly finished barrel at his side, is presented in a strong side-light. The effect is not a very difficult one to paint under ordinary conditions, but Mr. Parker has made a thoroughly good study, and so managed his lights and shadows in the interior of the shop as to make of it an interesting picture. It is deserving of praise for its truth of values and its excellent quality of atmosphere. If the subject, a single figure painted in a studio light, does smack a little of the school, it is at least well done; and such work as this, honest studies from nature, painted with all the truth of observation possible, are what our young artists should do, for the coming school of American art, so much talked of and written about, must be built on strong foundations, or it will never come at all. Harry R. Mills, another new-comer, exhibits a picture called "Young English Fisherman," a boy coming along a road at nightfall, carrying his nets in his hand. The dark shadow on the landscape, and the low-toned figure of the lad with his head covered with a dingy oilskin hat in silhouette against the warm evening sky, painted with much truth and feeling, make this one of the most poetic pictures in the exhibition. "Les Bavardages," a group of Breton women and children at a fountain or public well, and "Allez donc, Mollie," a Brittany interior, with two young peasant women looking at a child making its first attempts at walking, are the titles of two creditable pictures by Charles Danforth, a new name in New York exhibitions. Commendable qualities of frankness and honesty are shown in the painting of both. "Bringing Fish Ashore, Cornwall," a sea-shore view, with small figures wading in to land through the rolling surf, a picture painted in a light key by Howard R. Butler; "Walbresnick, a Study," by W. R. Derrick; "The Cup that Cheers," a strongly painted seated figure of a lady in a tan-colored and pink robe taking tea, and "In a Picardy Orchard," a broadly handled out-door study by M. L. Fairchild; "Landscape and Sheep," a picture too closely resembling the manner of the Anglo-Parisian painter Thompson, but not without serious merits of its own, by Olive Cheritree; "Village Street, Grez," by R. V. Sewell; "Sunset on the Woernitz," a rather artificial landscape, but with a certain rich quality of color, by B. R. Fitz; and "A Misty Morning, Late Autumn," by W. L. Metcalf, are other noticeable pictures bearing new names.

Charles F. Ulrich sends from Venice three clever small studies. They show more breadth and less hardness in painting than characterized the work he exhibited in New York prior to his return to Europe, while he seems to have lost none of his exact and careful drawing. "The New Model," a girl in a pink bodice and a pale green kerchief, is the best of the three examples. The head is well constructed and modelled and it is simply drawn. "The End of the Day," by George W. Chambers, a large picture of three negro field laborers, a man, a woman, and a child, coming home after work, is soberly treated, and is a notable example of an essentially American subject decently painted. "In the Street," a group of children playing on the sidewalk, is another American subject with figures of life size, painted by Frederick Juengling. It is earnest and honest in treatment, but marred by a lack of true out-door feeling and some striking faults of proportion. "Girl Reading," an example of F. D. Millet's pictures of English interiors; "Nymph," a delicate bit of gray tone by G. W. Maynard; "Evening Primroses," a pretty picture by Hamilton Hamilton of a lady in black velvet robe and hat at the top of a hilly road, plucking wild flowers, with quiet fields and a hamlet lying under the evening sky behind her; two brilliant little scenes in Venice, "On the Riva" and "The Pigeons of St. Mark's," and a quiet bit of landscape with a figure, "Milking Time," by Rhoda H. Nicholls; and "La Tricoteuse," a small head of a Dutch girl, well drawn and fine in color, by J. G. Melchers, are among the best works by other figure painters.

In landscape there is great variety and a large amount of exceptionally good work. "Twilight, November," by D. W. Tryon, is a small canvas with a simple motive, a stretch of country with a village lying among the hills under the last feeble light of day. It is a picture of fine poetic feeling. A landscape possessing great qualities of sincere sentiment is "April," by John R. Stites. This picture, in which the wet April atmosphere is excellently rendered, is charming in color. It is serious in purpose and absolutely free from trickiness or false prettiness. It is not striking nor strong in effect; on the contrary, it is quiet and unassuming, and has only genuine truth to nature to recommend it. It is thoroughly good landscape painting. T. C. Steele's "On the Muscatuck," good in composition and style; Bruce Crane's "After Rain"; C. H. Davis's "A Rosy Twilight," a slight variation of his usual theme; Charles Platt's "Coast of Morbihan"; Charles W. Eaton's "Twilight near Grez"; R. W. Van Boskerck's "The Downs at Manomet" and "A Roadway near Plymouth"; Andrew Teggin's "The Valley Farm"; W. Sartain's "Shore of Buzzard's Bay"; F. K. M. Rehn's "The Old Wharf"; Walter Palmer's "Bait Fishers, Venice"; Warren Sheppard's "The Warm Southern Sea"; Burr H. Nicholl's "The Road to the Village"; R. C. Minor's "Evening" and C. M. Dewey's "The Harvest Moon," are of the best of the other landscapes.

There are some panoramic views of the familiar "fireboard" style in the exhibition, but they are not sufficiently numerous to do much harm. A large picture of a "Normandy Bull" lying in his stall, by W. H. Howe, is a strong piece of animal painting, and, being a cattle picture, and sent from France, it is refreshing to find that it is entirely unlike anything Van Marcke ever painted. Carleton Wiggins is exemplified by an unusually good landscape, with cows winding over a sandy moor, "The Road from the Sea." A. P. Ryder, with a stable interior, with horses, shows a more intimate knowledge of the process of obtaining so-called "tone" by rubbing down crude color with brown paint and varnish, than of the principles of form and proportion. A small genre by C. X. Harris, "Surprised," shows an astonishing perfection of finish in painting details, but is hard in modelling and disagreeable in color. Two pictures of Indian life by George De F. Brush, "Hunting the Night Heron," and "Plumage Hunting," are not wanting in picturesqueness of subject, but are dryly painted, and marked by an unwonted carelessness of drawing. It is to be regretted that one wall of the first gallery should be monopolized by the colossal "Jesus of Nazareth," which has already been exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum. Visitors to such a good exhibition as the one at the American Art Association might be spared the disagreeable sensation of meeting this wax-figure atrocity every time they go in or out. Besides, it is decidedly out of place in an exhibition of works of art.

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